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MEMOIRS

OF

Mrs. *Lætitia Pilkington*,

WIFE TO THE

Rev. Mr. *Matthew Pilkington*.

Written by HERSELF.

Wherein are occasionally interspersed,

All Her POEMS;

WITH

Anecdotes of several eminent Persons,
Living and Dead.

Among others,

Dean *Swift*, *Alexander Pope*, Esq;
&c. &c. &c.

DUBLIN Printed:

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CT788
.P66A3
Vol. 1

TO

Sir ROBERT KING, Bart.

SIR,

'TIS a very great Pleasure to me, in an Age where Vice is looked on as a Kind of fashionable Accomplishment, to hear of one young Gentleman, who is not ashamed of being singularly good; who has a Tear for Pity, and a Hand open as Day for melting Charity, without any sinister Views; and who has happily united the Fine Gentleman to the Good Christian.

These, Sir, are unfading Honours! these shall embalm and sanctify your Name on Earth; and, when this transient Scene is past, be a sweet and acceptable Sacrifice to God.

That your Virtues may long adorn and bless this World, and receive a full and glorious Recompence in the next, is the ardent Prayer of,

SIR,

Your most obliged,

and most obedient Servant,

L. PILKINGTON.

PREFACE.

IT is usual with all Authors to write Prefaces, either to beg the Applause of the Public, or else,

By Way of filling,
To raise their Volume's Price a Shilling.

As a most eminent Poet is said to have done.

I own, if the Merit of any Writer is to be judged by the Number of Sheets they have written, I have very little Pretence to Favour: But as

Multum in Parvo,

is an Expreſſion of an ancient Poet, I hope my Readers will excuſe me, as I would rather have them riſe from Table with an Appetite, than glut them; a Rule of Temperance equally conducive to the Health of our Minds as of our Bodies.

I once had the Misfortune of writing for a Printer, who never examined the Merit of the Work, but uſed to meaſure it, and tell me, it would not do at all, except I could ſend him half a Dozen Yards more of the ſame Stuff: And, as Dr. *Young* remarks, on large Folios, well gilt and bound,

very

very proper to adorn a Library, whether the Owner of it can read or write, or not:

So Tonſon, *turn'd Upholſterer, ſends home*
The gilded Leather to adorn the Room.

If I am obliged to ſend my Work in a blue Paper Covering, let them look on the Inſide, which, I flatter myſelf, will at leaſt amuſe them.

As I wrote theſe Memoirs in *England*, the deſcribing particular Places or Cuſtoms peculiar to *Ireland*, in order to make the Work intelligible to the *Engliſh* Readers, will, I hope, be excuſed; for all Countries vary from each other in many Points.

So

So neither ſervilely fearing Cenſure, nor vainly hoping Applauſe, I refer my Readers to the enſuing Pages.

M E-

MEMOIRS

OF

Mrs. *PILKINGTON.*

ALTHO' it has been the common Practice, with Writers of Memoirs, to fill their Volumes with their own Praiſes, which, whatever Pleaſure they may have afforded to the Authors, by indulging their Vanity, are ſeldom found to give any to the Readers; I am determined to quit this beaten Track; and by a ſtrict Adherence to Truth, pleaſe even my greateſt Enemies, by preſenting them with a lively Picture of all my *Faults*,

my *Follies*, and the *Misfortunes*, which have been consequential to them.

And I am the more inclined to proceed, in that I think the Story may be instructive to the *Female* Part of my Readers, to teach them that *Reputation*

Is the immediate Jewel of their Souls,
And that the Loss of it
Will make them poor indeed! Othello.

So that I propose myself, not as an Example, but a Warning to them; that by my Fall, they may stand the more secure.

However numerous my Mistakes in Life have been, they have still had most surprizing Additions made to them, not only by base and unworthy Minds, Wretches devoid of Truth and common Honesty, but also by Persons of high Rank, and such as outwardly profess Christianity; who have fancied it an Act of Piety to believe and spread of me the most improbable and notorious Falshoods! nay, so far has their persecuting Zeal been carried, that they have rendered my honest Industry ineffectual;

effectual; and by depriving me of any Means to support Life, endeavoured to make me even such a one, as they represented me to be: That Clergymen, and Ladies of Honour, should unite, in driving to Extremity, a Person, who never yet, either in her Conversation, or Writing, offended against the Laws of Decency or Humanity, is but too apt to make one think, they had quite forgotten the Christian Grace, *Charity*, without which we are told, all other Virtues are of no Avail, and consequently, fall far short of Perfection themselves.

I therefore hope those who have taken such unbounded Liberties with my Character, will also allow me to paint out theirs, only with this Difference, that I shall confine myself to Truth, a Favour I never yet received at their Hands; since even the priestly Robe, and Mitred Head, have, with Regard to me, disclaimed it, of which, in the Series of these melancholy Adventures, I shall be able to produce many surprizing Instances.

I was born in the Year 1712; by my Mother's Side descended of an antient and honourable Family, who were frequently intermarried with the Nobility. My Great Grandfather was Earl of *Killmallock*, whose Daughter married Colonel *Meade*, by whom he had twenty-one Children, twelve of whom lived to be married. This Gentleman, to his Honour be it spoken, tho' he was a Man of Fortune, and in the Army, declared on his Death-bed, 'That he never had, either when a Batchelor, or a married Man, criminal Conversation with a Woman; never was drunk; never broke his Word; nor ever used Tobacco.'

The late Duke of *Ormond*, when Lord Lieutenant of *Ireland*, dining at Colonel *Meade*'s, offered to confer on him the Honour of Knighthood; but he then being in an advanced Age, declined it for himself, telling his Grace, 'As he was going out of 'the World, and his eldest Son coming 'into it, he would chuse, if he thought proper, his Grace should bestow it on him:' Which accordingly he did.

This

This Gentleman, Sir *John Meade*, was bred to the Law, and deſervedly diſtinguiſhed, as one of the fineſt Orators that ever ſpoke at the Bar: He was a perfect Maſter of claſſical Learning; and a Lover and Judge of the muſe-like Arts; his paternal Eſtate was about Fifteen Hundred Pounds a Year, which was augmented by marrying ſucceſſively two great Heireſſes; as well as by the vaſt Buſineſs he had in his Profeſſion: So that with all thoſe Advantages of Nature, Education, and Fortune, it was no Wonder he ſhould meet with univerſal Reſpect and Eſteem.

He was in this Situation, when Sir *Edward Seymor* had an Eſtate of five Thouſand Pounds a Year left to him in *Ireland*; this was a Matter too conſiderable for Sir *Edward* to hope immediately to poſſeſs without Law-ſuit or Difficulty; ſo that he found his perſonal Appearance abſolutely neceſſary. It is to be obſerved, that Sir *Edward Seymor* was accounted the proudeſt Man in *England*; and Sir *John Meade* was as remarkable for the ſame Fault; neither indeed did I ever meet with any Perſon of

either of those Names in *England* or *Ireland*, who was not abundantly stocked with it, tho' without the same Pretensions to support it.

Sir *Edward Seymor* landed at *Dublin*, filled with that natural Contempt for the whole Country, which those of the *English*, who have not been resident amongst them, are but too apt to express on every Occasion: He there found some of his own Countrymen in Places of Profit and Trust, of whom he enquired, 'Whether there are 'any such Things as good Lawyers to be 'met with in this damned Place?'

They answered, 'Yes, very good; but 'if he hoped to carry his Cause, he must 'see Sir *John Meade:* Well, said he, let 'one of my Footmen go for him.'

'Your Footman, Sir *Edward!* said one 'of the Gentlemen, who knew Sir *John:* 'Why, 'tis odds if he will speak to You. 'I assure you, if he does, 'tis a Favour few 'of his Clients obtain from him.' 'What, 'a *Duce*, return'd he, do *Irish* Lawyers 'take such State upon them?' 'You are 'to consider, Sir *Edward*, he is a Gentleman

'man of Family, has a noble Fortune, and 'is so eminent in his Profession, that should 'he be employed against you, you may 'bid Farewel to your Claim.'

This last Argument had such Force with Sir *Edward Seymor*, that he condescended to wait on Sir *John Meade* next Morning: Sir *John* had been apprized of what the other had said; and resolving to be as stately as himself, sent him down Word, 'He 'was very busy, but if he pleased to wait 'till he was at Leisure, he would see him.' So Sir *Edward* was shewn into a Parlour, where he remained above an Hour, fretting himself to Death, at this disrespectful Usage offered to a Person of his Dignity.

When Sir *John* thought he had pretty sufficiently mortified him, he sent to let him know, he should be glad to see him, and received him with a Politeness natural to him; but when Sir *Edward* went to open his Case to him, he told him, 'He must 'leave him his Brief, for he could not spare 'Time to hear him:' So Sir *Edward* laid down his Brief, with a large Purse of Gold on it; and, having got his Audience

of

of Leave, departed, full of Indignation at meeting with a Man as proud as himſelf.

When the Day appointed for the important Trial was come, there were Numbers of Lawyers engaged on either Side of the Queſtion: Sir *John* being, I ſuppoſe, reſolved to try his Client's Patience to the uttermoſt, permitted every one of them to ſpeak before him, without Interruption, and ſat drawing Birds with a Pencil, till Sir *Edward* was ready to burſt with Rage at him, eſpecially as he found the Cauſe likely to go againſt him: At length, when their Pleadings were ended, and Judgment going to be pronounced againſt Sir *Edward*, Sir *John Meade* aroſe, and deſired to be heard, which he ever was with Favour and Attention by the Court, when making a Speech, which took an Hour and a half in Time, he ſo fully confuted all Sir *Edward*'s Antagoniſts, and made his Title to the Eſtate ſo evident, and with ſuch powerful Eloquence, that he had a Decree to be put in immediate Poſſeſſion.

Sir *Edward* was ſo charmed with Sir *John*'s graceful Elocution, that he could not

not forbear ſeveral Times crying out in Extacy, *An Angel! by Heaven, an Angel!* But when he found the happy Effects of it ſo much to his own Advantage, he could no longer contain himſelf, but cathing Sir *John* in his Arms, *My dear, dear Friend!* ſays he, permit me to have the Honour of calling you ſo: I do not wonder you ſhould be proud, who have more Cauſe to be ſo, than any Man living.

The Court not breaking up, till it was late, Sir *Edward* preſſed Sir *John* to give him his Company that Evening; Sir *John* excuſed himſelf, telling him, 'He was 'every Night engaged to a Club:' 'Well, 'then, ſaid Sir *Edward*, if you will give 'me Leave, I will accompany you; (pro-'vided you think it will be agreeable to 'your Friends?)' Sir *John* anſwered, 'They would all, he was ſure, eſteem it 'as a very great Honour.' So accordingly Sir *Edward* met them, and they were mutually delighted with each other's Converſation, we may preſume, by their ſtaying together till Four the next Morning. Some of Sir *Edward*'s Friends finding him

in

in Bed at Twelve o'Clock the enſuing Day, he told them, 'He had ſat up all 'Night:' 'With whom, Sir *Edward?*' Why, returned he, 'With *Homer*, *Plato*, '*Socrates*, *Cicero*, and all the antient *Greek* 'and *Roman* Poets, Philoſophers and Hiſ-'torians.'

From this Time, Sir *Edward* and Sir *John* contracted a Friendſhip, which did not terminate, but with their Lives.

As this little Piece of Hiſtory redounds to the mutual Honour of both theſe great and eminent Gentlemen; I hope it will not be accounted Vanity in me to recite it.

One of Sir *John Meade*'s Siſters, being ſmitten with the good Mien of a *Roman* Catholick Officer in King *James*'s Army, ſtole a Match with him, of which my Mother was the Firſt-fruits; but her Mother dying in Childbed of her ſecond Child, and King *William* entirely ſubduing *Ireland*, my Grandfather thought proper to follow his Royal Maſter's Fortune to *France*, leaving my Mother, then an Infant, to the wide World: However, Providence did not abandon the helpleſs Orphan;

phan; her Grandmother, the Widow of Colonel *Meade* before-mentioned, took her Home to her; and while she lived, with true maternal Tenderness, bestowed on her the best and politest Education: And when the Trustees sat in *Ireland*, it being proved she was bred a Protestant, she recovered her Mother's Fortune, which had been settled on her, and which she had been some Years kept out of, on Account of her Father's being a forfeiting Person.

He, in the mean time, returned privately to *England*, and married a Niece of the celebrated Jesuit Father *Hugh Peters*: by this second Venture, he had one Daughter, who was married to Mr. *Fowler* of St. *Thomas* in *Staffordshire*, the sole Heiress of whom is the present Lady *Faulconbridge*, to whom, were it of any Use to me, I have the Honour of being a first Cousin by the Half-Blood.

My Mother being now in Possession of a handsome Fortune, and by the Death of her Grandmother entirely at her own Disposal, for her Fathern ever enquired what became of her, did not, it may be supposed,

poſed, want Admirers; eſpecially as ſhe had a very graceful Perſon, with Abundance of Wit, which was improved by reading and keeping the beſt Company: however, none of them made any Impreſſion on her Heart, till ſhe ſaw my Father, who was the Son of a *Dutch* Phyſician, that accidentally ſettled in *Ireland*, and who had no other Fortune to boaſt of, than a liberal Education, and a very amiable Perſon and Underſtanding; Qualities which recommended him to my Mother ſo powerfully, that ſhe had Conſtancy enough to wait for him three Years, while he went to *Leyden*, where he ſtudied Phyſick under the late famous Dr. *Boerhaave*; and having taken his Degree, he returned to *Ireland*, uniting himſelf in Marriage to his faithful Miſtreſs. Her Friends were at firſt much diſpleaſed with her; but my Father's Merit ſoon reconciled them to her Choice; and there being then but one Man-Midwife in the Kingdom, my Father made himſelf Maſter of that uſeful Art, and practiſed it with great Succeſs, Reputation, and Humanity.

I was their second Child, and my eldest Brother dying an Infant, for a long Time their only one; being of a tender weakly Constitution, I was by my Father greatly indulged; indeed I cannot say, but it was in some Measure necessary he should, by his Gentleness, qualify my Mother's Severity to me; otherwise it must have broke my Heart; for she strictly followed *Solomon*'s Advice, in never sparing the Rod; insomuch that I have frequently been whipt for looking blue of a frosty Morning; and, whether I deserved it or not, I was sure of Correction every Day of my Life.

From my earliest Infancy I had a strong Disposition to Letters; but my Eyes being weak, after the Small-pox, I was not permitted to look at a Book; my Mother regarding more the Beauty of my Face, than the Improvement of my Mind; neither was I allowed to learn to read: This Restraint, as it generally happens, made me but more earnest in the Pursuit of what I imagined must be so delightful. Twenty times a Day have I been corrected, for asking what such and such Letters spelt; my

Mother uſed to tell me the Word, accompanying it with a good Box on the Ear, which, I ſuppoſe, imprinted it on my Mind. Had *Gulliver* ſeen her Behaviour, I ſhould have imagined, he had borrowed a Hint from it for his floating Iſland, where, when a great Man had promiſed any Favour, the Suppliant was obliged to give him a Tweak by the Noſe, or a Kick on the Rump, to quicken his Memory. However, I do aſſure you, it had this Effect on me, inſomuch, that I never forgot what was once told me; and quickly arrived at my deſired Happineſs, being able to read before ſhe thought I knew all my Letters; but this Pleaſure I was obliged to enjoy by Stealth with Fear and Trembling.

I was at this Time about five Years of Age; and my Mother being one Day abroad, I had happily laid hold on *Alexander's Feaſt*, and found ſomething in it ſo charming, that I read it aloud; —but how like a condemned Criminal did I look, when my Father, ſoftly opening his Study-door, took me in the very Fact; I dropt my Book, and burſt into Tears, begging Pardon,

Pardon, and promising never to do so again: But my Sorrow was soon dispelled, when he bade me not be frightened, but read to him, which, to his great Surprize, I did very distinctly, and without hurting the Beauty of the Numbers. Instead of the whipping, of which I stood in dread, he took me up in his Arms, and kissed me, giving me a whole Shilling, as a Reward, and told me, 'He would give me 'another, as soon as I got a Poem by 'Heart,' which he put into my Hand, and proved to be Mr. *Pope*'s sacred Eclogue; which Task I performed before my Mother returned Home. They were both astonished at my Memory, and from that Day forward, I was permitted to read as much as I pleased; only my Father took care to furnish me with the best, and politest Authors; and took Delight in explaining to me, whatever, by Reason of my tender Years, was above my Capacity of Understanding.

But chiefly was I charmed and ravished with the Sweets of Poetry; all my Hours were dedicated to the Muses; and, from a

Reader, I quickly became a Writer; I may truly say with Mr. *Pope*,

I lisp'd in Numbers, for the Numbers came.

My Performances had the good Fortune to be looked on as extraordinary for my Years; and the greatest and wisest Men in the Kingdom did not disdain to hear the Prattle of the little Muse, as they called me, even in my childish Days. But as I approached towards Womanhood there was a new Scene opened to me; and by the Time I had looked on thirteen Years, I had almost as many Lovers; not that I ever was handsome, farther than being very fair. But I was well-dress't, sprightly, and remarkably well-tempered, unapt to give or take Offence; insomuch that my Company was generally coveted; and no doubt but I should have been happily disposed of in Marriage, but that my Mother's capricious Temper made her reject every advantageous Proposal offered, and at last condemn me to the Arms of one of the greatest V——s, with Reverence to the Priesthood,

hood be it ſpoken, that ever was wrapt up in Crape.

And here I cannot forbear obſerving, how very few who wear that S——d H——t are adorned with any real Sanctity of Manners: What Ambition, Avarice, Luſt, and Cruelty reigns among them; they are generally the firſt Seducers of Innocence (as the Holineſs of their Office gives them free Admittance into every Family) and as ſoon as they have made a Breach in the tender Mind for Ruin's waſteful Entrance, (provided they can but ſlip their own Necks out of the Halter and remain unexpoſed) they ſhall be the firſt to perſecute with Eccleſiaſtical Courts, and Spiritual Authority, that very Perſon, whom they themſelves firſt taught the Way to ſin.

Let none preſume to cenſure this as Spite,
I ſuffer for their Crimes of whom I write.

And 'tis ever allowed that the Loſers may have leave to ſpeak.

I would not, by this Reflection, be thought to ſtrike at Religion, or the valuable Part

of the Clergy: Thoſe who are poſſeſſed of Chriſtian Charity, and make the Sincerity of their Faith appear in the Righteouſneſs of their Life, are truly worthy of Reverence and Honour; but alas! their Number is ſo few, that the Ears of Corn are ſcarce diſcernable among the Tares, of whom no doubt Satan will reap a plentiful Harveſt.

But to return. Amongſt all thoſe who addreſt me, my Heart retained its Freedom; and if their Flattery pleaſed me, it was only as it fed my Vanity; that Paſſion, which, like Pride, is ſo univerſal: I had no particular Engagement, was entirely ſubmiſſive to my Parents, punctual to all the Duties of Religion, unaffectedly innocent, and much more pleaſed with my Female Friends, than with the Company of Men.

There were two young Ladies, in particular, for whom, from my Childhood, I had a very tender Affection, and whom, as often as I could, I viſited; as their Brother was a Clergyman, many of the Gown frequented their Houſe, and amongſt the reſt, the Reader of our Pariſh-Church, Mr. P——n,

P——n. He had a good Face, and many agreeable Accompliſhments; as a tolerable Taſte in Muſic, and a poetical Turn, which greatly entertained me; but being a Man of obſcure Birth, and low Fortune, I had no farther Thoughts of him, than merely as an Acquaintance: However, it was my Misfortune to be liked by him, when I leaſt imagined it; as he played very well on the Organ, he gave us an Invitation to Church, promiſing, after Evening-Prayer, to ſing an Anthem for us. I, who always delighted in Church-Muſic, begged my Mother's Permiſſion to go, which, with ſome Difficulty, I obtained. After the Muſic he invited us into the Veſtry-Room, where he had prepared a little Collation of Fruit, Wine, *&c.* and ſingling me out, he began to addreſs me in a very paſſionate Stile, and earneſtly begged Leave to viſit me: I told him, 'I was 'to go into the Country next Day, to ſtay 'all the Summer, and were I not, I had no 'Male Viſitants, but ſuch as my Parents 'approved of; and conſequently it was out 'of my Power to grant his Requeſt.' My Mother ſending for me, prevented any farther

ther Converſation for that Time; and early the next Morning we ſet out on our intended Journey.

During my Stay in the Country, he wrote me a great many poetical Compliments, and ſubſcribed himſelf *Amintas:* As they were really very elegant, my Mother, who always examined my Letters, expreſt great Curioſity to know the Writer; ſaying, 'I ought to return a Letter 'of Thanks to him:' But as I took this only for a Trap, I told her, 'which was true, I knew not who it was; leſt I ſhould be denied the Pleaſure of viſiting the young Ladies, where I firſt ſaw him, if I ſhould have given her the ſmalleſt Hint, that I gueſſed at the Perſon.

I had, by this Time, a Brother of about nine Years of Age, of whom my Father and Mother were fond even to Extravagance; whenever I went abroad, he uſed to cry to go with me, and was conſtantly indulged in it.

A few Days after our Return to Town, I went to wait on the young Ladies beforementioned, and took my Brother with me;

I was scarce seated when Mr. *P—n* came in; and after saluting me, began to reproach me with Cruelty, in never having favoured him with an Answer to any of his Letters. I told him, 'I was much obliged 'to him, for the agreeable Entertainment 'they had afforded me; but that, except-'ing my Father, I had never wrote to any 'Man, neither was I Mistress of Wit e-'nough to correspond with him.' A good many civil Things were said on either Hand, during Tea Time; after which my Brother growing urgent with me to return Home, I happened to say he was so great a Favourite, I durst not contradict him; upon which, Mr. *P——n* made his Application to him, and gave him an Invitation to his Lodgings; where he entertained him so kindly, that the Child returned in Raptures with him; and loaden with Toys and Sweetmeats. Upon this Civility to my Brother, my Father sent and invited Mr. *P——n* to Dinner; (and you may be sure he did not refuse him) but quickly found the Art of making himself so agreeable to my Parents, that they were even uneasy when-

whenever he was abſent; which ſeldom happened, except when his Duty required his Attendance. He now began openly to court me; and, to my great Surprize, neither of them ſeemed averſe to it; but allowed him as much Liberty of converſing with me, as a reaſonable Man could deſire; and for my own Part, he gained ſo large a Share in my Eſteem, that as they ſeemed to approve of him, I was very well ſatisfied.

One Year paſt on in this Manner, during which Time, Mr. *P———n* never omitted any Thing to convince me of the Sincerity of his Paſſion; and tho' he ſaw me every Day, and all the Day; yet every Day was ſtill but as the firſt:

So eager was he ſtill to ſee me more:

The enſuing Spring, my Mother took a Lodging, about a Mile from *Dublin*, by the Sea-ſide, for the Benefit of bathing, where my Father and Mr. *P———n* came every Afternoon together to viſit us; but my Father's Buſineſs ſeldom permitting him

him to ſtay above half an Hour, he generally left Mr. *P——n* with us: Who, one Night happening to ſtay later than ordinary, left a Gold Watch, and a handſome Diamond Ring in my Poſſeſſion; leſt, as he ſaid, he ſhould be robbed of them going Home. My Father and he coming to us the next Day, (according to Cuſtom) I brought to Mr. *P——n* his Ring and Watch; but he would by no Means accept of either, but inſiſted on my keeping them as a Preſent; my Father and Mother were both by; and neither of them ſhewing any Diſlike to it, I was, with great Reluctance, obliged by him to take them.

I mention theſe Particulars, trifling as they are, becauſe I have been accuſed of Diſobedience to my Parents, in marrying without their Conſent or Knowledge; whereas they were acquainted with the Affair from Beginning to End; neither was I any more than paſſive in it; never having allowed myſelf to have any Will but theirs.

My Father was at this Time ſo eminent in his Profeſſion, and lived after ſo elegant

a manner, that every body concluded, he was able to give me a very good Fortune; and few People could believe he countenanced Mr. *P——n*'s Addreſſes to me; he neither having any Preferment in the Church, nor any other Fortune: And whatever Merit an *Iriſh* Clergyman may poſſeſs, he has little Hope of Advancement by it, unleſs he has ſome Relation in the Houſe of Commons, who, by betraying the Intereſt of his Country, can procure for him,

The Leavings of a Church diſtreſt,
A hungry Vicarage at beſt;
Or ſome remote inferior Poſt,
With forty Pounds a Year at moſt. Swift.

And in this, the preſent State of poor *Ireland* nearly reſembles that of *England*, under the Reign of Queen *Mary*, when, as ſoon as a Biſhoprick became vacant, an *Italian* was immediately nominated to it. *Ireland* groans under the ſame Calamity: An *Engliſh* V——y, *Engliſh* Judges, *Engliſh* Biſhops, with their long Train of Relations and Dependants, lay their hard

Hands

Hands on all Preferments; while her learned Sons languiſh out Life, in hopeleſs Poverty and Dejection of Spirit.

I have frequently obſerved it, as a Want of Policy in the *Engliſh* Government, to permit the People of *Ireland* to have an Univerſity: Learning naturally inſpires Men with the Love of Liberty; the Principles of which ought to be diſcouraged in the Minds of thoſe, whom their Maſters are pleaſed to condemn to Slavery, Want and Oppreſſion; unleſs, perhaps it may be done with a cruel Intent, of making their Yoke the more galling to them.

Ireland, while free, was remarkable for producing brave and valiant Men. Ever witneſs for her,

Her matchleſs Sons! whoſe Valour ſtill remains
On French *Records for twenty long Campaigns*;
Yet from an Empreſs, now a Captive grown;
She ſav'd Britannia's *Right, and loſt her own.* Swift.

I hope I ſhall be pardoned by all true Patriots for this Digreſſion; if not, I can only make Uſe of *Falſtaff*'s Apology, *That Rebellion lay in my Way, and I found it.*

But to reſume my Thread. All my Friends and Relations attacked my Father warmly on this Head; who ſolemnly declared, 'He knew nothing of any amorous 'Correſpondence between Mr. *P——n* 'and his Daughter, that the Gentleman 'came to viſit us, as being Pariſhioners:' But withal declared: 'Since ſuch a Report 'was ſpread, he would civilly forbid him 'the Houſe;' which accordingly he ordered my Mother to do. Mr. *P——n* came as uſual, and my Mother delivered her dreadful Commiſſion to him. No ſooner was the fatal Sentence pronounced, but my aſtoniſhed Lover fell pale and ſpeechleſs to the Floor; and to ſay the Truth, my Caſe was little better than his: I raiſed him in my Arms, and ſenſeleſs as he ſeemed, he graſped me cloſe, and leaned his drooping Head upon my Boſom; whilſt my Mother applied Remedies to him

him till he revived: When he came to himſelf, he blamed us for our Care: ſaying, 'Since I was loſt, he could not, would 'not live.'

As I was naturally of a ſoft compaſſionate Temper, the Condition I ſaw him in pierced my very Soul; but I was too much in Awe of my Mother to venture to ſay ſo at that Time. So he left me with Sorrow deeply imprinted in his Countenance, and, as I believed, in his Heart.

About two Years before this, a young Woman of about eighteen Years of Age, was brought to my Father, by a Stationer, to be by him inſtructed in Midwifery: She was Miſtreſs of *Hebrew*, *Greek*, *Latin* and *French*, underſtood the *Mathematicks*, as well as moſt Men: And what made theſe extraordinary Talents yet more ſurprizing, was, that her Parents were poor illiterate Country People; ſo that her Learning appeared like the Gift poured out on the Apoſtles, of ſpeaking all Languages, without the Pains of Study; or, like the intuitive Knowledge of Angels: Yet in as much as the Power of Miracles is ceaſed; we

muſt allow ſhe uſed human Means for ſuch great and excellent Acquirements: And yet in a long Friendſhip and Familiarity with her, I could never obtain a ſatisfactory Account from her on this Head; only ſhe ſaid, 'ſhe had received ſome little 'Inſtruction from the Miniſter of the Pa-'riſh, when ſhe could ſpare Time from her 'Needlework, to which ſhe was cloſely 'kept by her Mother.' She wrote elegantly both in Verſe and Proſe; and ſome of the moſt delightful Hours I ever paſt, were in the Converſation of this female Philoſopher.

My Father readily conſented to accept of her as a Pupil; and gave her a general Invitation to his Table, ſo that ſhe and I were ſeldom aſunder. My Parents were well pleaſed with our Intimacy, as her Piety was not inferior to her Learning. Whether it was owing to her own Deſire, or the Envy of thoſe who ſurvived her, I know not; but of her various and beautiful Writings, except one Poem of her's in Mrs. *Barber*'s Works, I have never ſeen any publiſhed; 'tis true, as her Turn was chiefly

ly to philosophical or divine Subjects, they might not be agreeable to the present Taste; yet could her heavenly Muse descend from its sublime Height to the easy epistolary Stile, and suit itself to my then gay Disposition; as may appear by the two following Poems: To make them intelligible, my Reader must observe, that I being in a Country Town at the Assizes Time, had writ her an Account to *Dublin* of the principal Entertainments I met with there and in the rest of the Country. I must also beg Pardon for publishing the Compliments paid to me in them, which I really would omit were it possible. Her Answer to my first Letter was this.

To Miss LÆTITIA VAN LEWEN.

THE fleeting Birds may soon in Ocean swim,
And *Northern* Whales thro' liquid Azure skim:
The *Dublin* Ladies their Intrigues forsake;
To Dress and Scandal an Aversion take;

When you can in the lonely Foreſt walk,
And with ſome ſerious Matron gravely talk,
Of Poſſets, Poultices, and Waters ſtill'd,
And monſtrous Caſks with Mead and Cyder fill'd;
How many Hives of Bees ſhe has in Store,
And how much Fruit her Trees this *Summer* bore;
Or Home returning in the Yard can ſtand,
And feed the Chickens from your bounteous Hand:
Of each one's Top-knot tell, and hatching pry,
Like *Tully* waiting for an Augury.
When Night approaches, down to Table ſit
With a great Crowd, choice Meat, and little Wit,
What Horſe won the laſt Race, how mighty *Tray*
At the laſt famous Hunting, caught the Prey;
Surely, you can't but ſuch Diſcourſe deſpiſe,
Methinks, I ſee Diſpleaſure in your Eyes:

O my *Lætitia*, ſtay no longer there,
You'll ſoon forget, that you yourſelf are fair;
Why will you keep from us, from all that's gay,
There in a lonely Solitude to ſtay?
Where not a Mortal thro' the Year you view,
But bob-wigg'd Hunters, who their Game purſue
With ſo much Ardor, they'd a Cock or Hare,
To thee in all thy blooming Charms prefer.
You write of Belles and Beaux that there appear,
And gilded Coaches, ſuch as glitter here;
For gilded Coaches, each eſtated Clown
That gravely ſlumbers on the Bench has one;
But Beaux! they're young Attorneys! ſure you mean!
Who thus appear to your romantic Brain.
Alas! no Mortal there can talk to you,
That Love or Wit, or Softneſs ever knew;
All they can ſpeak of's *Capias* and Law,
And Writs to keep the Country Fools in Awe.

And, if to Wit, or Courtſhip they pretend,
'Tis the ſame Way that they a Cauſe defend;
In which they give of Lungs a vaſt Expence,
But little Paſſion, Thought or Eloquence:
Bad as they are, they'll ſoon abandon you,
And Gain, and Clamour, in the Town purſue.
So haſte to Town, if ev'n ſuch Fools you prize;
O haſte to Town! and bleſs the longing Eyes
Of your CONSTANTIA.

The Second was as follows:

IF my *Lætitia* ſtill perſiſts to love
The Country-Village, and the ſhady Grove,
The murm'ring Riv'let and the Turtles Moan,
Deſpiſing all the Grandeur of a Town;
Where Beauty triumphs, and where Pleaſure reigns,
And Rounds of Mirth relieve our daily Pains; Where

Where *George*'s mighty Subſtitute appears,
And every Face with blooming Pleaſure chears;
Grafton! whom never fair one ſaw unmov'd,
Whom ev'n great *Churchill*'s beauteous Offspring lov'd.
For him whate'er o'er all our Kingdom's fine,
They in this happy Place together join;
With him each warlike glittering Soldier goes,
With him the tender Race of whining Beaux;
In ſhort, we've here all that may hope t'engage,
One of your Wit, your Beauty, and your Age.
If all theſe pow'rful Arguments ſhou'd fail,
I'll in the tendereſt Part your Heart aſſail;
The lovely *Damon* languiſhes and dies,
Nor can revive, but by your charming Eyes;
But I forgot ——— Mamma theſe Lines muſt ſee,
So you ſhall hear no more of him from me.

As

As this Lady was perfectly well acquainted with Mr. *P*——*n*'s Regard for me, he applied to her to intreat a Meeting at her Lodgings, where I frequently went.

She had too much Compassion for a despairing honourable Lover to refuse his Request; and accordingly she gave him Notice the next Visit that I made to her, after having asked my Consent to it. Our Interview was very melancholy, and his Sighs and Tears prevailed so much on my young soft Heart, that, at last, I faithfully promised to be his; but added, 'We were 'both so young, that it would be prudent 'to wait till he had some Preferment, or 'till my Parents came into better Temper; and that, in the mean time, I would 'see him, or write to him, as often as I 'conveniently could.'

I forgot to mention, that I had sent him his Watch and Ring some Days before; he would fain have prevailed on me to take them again, but I absolutely refused them.

The next Morning, my Father told me, I must prepare to go and stay a Year with my Grandfather, who lived a hundred Miles distant

distant from *Dublin*, and that I must set out in two Days. I made no Answer, but thought proper to give Mr. *P——n* Notice of my Departure, and easily prevailed on my Brother to give him a Letter; but Heav'ns! how was I frighted when he, returning in a few Moments, told me, Mr. *P——n* had stabbed himself with his Penknife: I ran all in Tears to my Mother, entreating her Permission to go and see him. She appeared much concerned, and sent for him to come to us, which pleasing Summons he readily obeyed. But I could scarce forbear laughing at my own Credulity, when my wounded Swain came to us in perfect Health. He had indeed given himself a Scratch, on Purpose to terrify us, and had just such a desperate Wound as I have frequently received from the Point of a Pin, without complaining.

However, by this Artifice he once more gained Admission to us, and had an Opportunity of assuring my Mother, 'That 'if she sent me to the *West-Indies*, he 'would follow me;' and added also, 'That 'he was next Heir to a good Estate;' which

which was the moſt prevailing Argument he could make uſe of to her; and took ſuch an Effect, that ſhe not only kept him to Supper, but ſo far indulged him, as to give him a Key to the Garden which opened into a little Stable Lane, by which means he could come in and go out as often as he pleaſed unnoticed. As ſoon as he left us, my Mother ſpoke to me in this Manner: 'Child, ſaid ſhe, I believe that 'young Man loves you ſincerely, neither 'have your Father or I any Objection to 'him; but in the Light we appear in to 'the World, it would ſeem ſtrange to ac-'cept of him as a Son-in law. Your Fa-'ther is not, at preſent, able to give you a 'Fortune; and I know moſt of thoſe who 'addreſs you, hope for one with you; and 'he chuſes rather to reject them, than let 'them into his real Circumſtances: What 'I would therefore adviſe you to is this: 'If you love this Man, marry him; we 'ſhall at firſt ſeem diſpleaſed, and then 'forgive it, and do for you every thing 'within our Power; as he is an ingenious, 'ſober Man, your Father's Intereſt may

ſoon

'soon get him a Living, and till then ye 'shall both live with us.'

This Discourse strangely surprized me, and left me doubtful how to act; to take to myself the Reproach of Disobedience, in the Eyes of the World, appeared very shocking to me; and tho' I was resolved to marry Mr. *P——n* some Time or other, yet I was startled at the Thought of doing it immediately, and told my Mother my Objections: However they appeared but trifling to her. The next Morning she called me pretty early to Breakfast, and, to my great Surprize, I found Mr. *P——n* with my Father, his Harpsichord placed in the Parlour, which, with a Cat and an Owl, were all his worldly Goods.

He told me with great Rapture, that he was going for a Ring and a Licence to be married in the Evening. As for my Part, I thought he only jested, till my Father confirmed it, by telling me I must either resolve to marry immediately, or break off with Mr. *P——n* entirely, leaving it to my Choice which to do. I was too

much confounded to make any other Return than to give my Hand to Mr. *P———n*, who kiſſed it with great Extacy; and my unfortunate Nuptials being thus concluded, we were married privately in the Evening by the Vicar-General, having no other Witneſſes but my Father and Mother, and his Father, and we reſolved to keep it ſecret for a few Days to avoid the Hurry and Expence of Matrimony. We went into the Country to my Uncle Brigadier *Meade*'s Seat for a Fortnight; where my new eſpouſed Huſband ſtaying from me a whole Day, in Purſuit of his Game (for he delighted in Fowling) at his Return, I preſented him with the following Lines, my firſt Attempt in Poetry that was not quite childiſh:

The Petition of the BIRDS.

AH Shepherd, gentle Shepherd! ſpare
Us plum'd Inhabitants of Air,
That hop, and inoffenſive rove
From Tree to Tree, from Grove to Grove;
What

What Phrenzy has poſſeſt your Mind?
To be deſtructive of your Kind?
Admire not if we Kindred claim,
Our ſep'rate Natures are the ſame;
To each of us thou ow'ſt a Part,
To grace thy Perſon, Head or Heart;
The chaſte, the fond, the tender *Dove*,
Inſpires thy Breaſt with pureſt Love;
The tow'ring *Eagle* claims a Part
In thy courageous, gen'rous Heart;
On thee the *Finch* beſtow'd a Voice,
To bid the raptured Soul rejoice;
The *Hawk* has giv'n thee Eyes ſo bright,
They kindle Love and ſoft Delight;
Thy ſnowy Hue and graceful Mien,
May in the ſtately *Swan* be ſeen;
The *Robin*'s Plumes afford the Red,
Which thy ſoft Lips and Cheeks beſpread;
Thy filial Piety and Truth,
The *Stork* beſtow'd to crown thy Youth.
Did we theſe ſev'ral Gifts beſtow?
To give Perfection to a Foe?
Did we ſo many Virtues give,
To thee too fierce to let us live?
Suſpend your Rage, and every Grove
Shall echo Songs of grateful Love.

Let Pity ſooth and ſway your Mind,
And be the Phœnix of Mankind.

This little poetical Eſſay met with more Applauſe than it really merited, on Account of my Youth, and was extremely acceptable to Mr. *P——n*, who, with the Raptures of an enamoured Bridegroom, read it to every Perſon whom he thought poſſeſſed of Taſte or Genius.

On our Return to Town, we received the Viſits and Compliments of all our Acquaintance; every one of whom my Mother aſſured, I had married without their Conſent; but this was not all, for ſhe ſaid it ſo often, that at length ſhe perſuaded herſelf it was ſo; and made it a Pretence for giving me all imaginable ill Treatment, both in publick and private, which, having no Remedy, I was obliged to bear as patiently as I could; for if I quitted her Houſe, I had no Place to go to, as Mr. *P——n*'s whole Income would ſcarce have paid the Rent of a tolerable ready furniſhed Lodging. However I had ſome Conſolation in Mr. *P——n*'s Tenderneſs, which

ſeemed

ſeemed daily to increaſe for me, and in the Converſation of a very agreeable Set of Friends, ſome of whom it may not be amiſs to give a particular Deſcription of.

In the firſt Place, I had the Honour of being well received by Mrs. *Percival*, who is married to the Brother of the Earl of *Egmont*, to whoſe Virtues I cannot refuſe doing Juſtice, (altho' her Cenſures of me have not been over-charitable) a Lady of moſt univerſal Genius, there being no one Accompliſhment, that adorns the Woman of Quality but what ſhe poſſeſſed; and her Station gave her an Opportunity of ſhewing them to Advantage; ſhe was alſo extremely happy in her Family; her Huſband was a moſt worthy Gentleman; both her Sons Men of Senſe and Honour, and one of her Daughters very agreeable. It may eaſily be ſuppoſed this Belle Aſſembly engaged the Company of all the learned and polite World; every Night was a Drawing-Room, and the ingenious and curious of both Sexes went Home delighted and improved. As my Father was Phyſician to Mrs. *Percival*, and her eldeſt Son married

to a near Relation of mine, I had at all Times free Acceſs, and ſo found a frequent pleaſing Relief from my Vexations.

I had alſo the much envied Honour of being known to Dr. *Swift*, whoſe Genius, excellent as it was, ſurpaſſed not his Humanity in the moſt judicious and uſeful Charities; altho' often hid under a rough Appearance, till he was perfectly convinced both of the Honeſty and Diſtreſs of thoſe he beſtowed it on: He was a perpetual Friend to Merit and Learning; and utterly incapable of Envy. Indeed why ſhould he not? who, in true genuine Wit, could fear no Rival.

Yet as I have frequently obſerved in Life, that where great Talents are beſtowed, there the ſtrongeſt Paſſions are likewiſe given: This truly great Man did but too often let them have Dominion over him, and that on the moſt trifling Occaſions. During Meal-times he was evermore in a Storm; the Meat was always too much or too little done, or the Servants had offended in ſome Point, imperceptible to the reſt of the Company; however, when the Cloth

was

was taken away, he made his Guests rich Amends for the Pain he had given them by the former Part of his Behaviour. For

Then was truly mingled in the friendly Bowl
The Feast of Reason and the Flow of Soul.
Pope.

Yet strict Temperance preserved; for the Doctor never drank above half a Pint of Wine, in every Glass of which he mixed Water and Sugar; yet, if he liked his Company, would sit many Hours over it, unlocking all the Springs of Policy, Learning, true Humour and inimitable Wit.

It is a very great Loss to the World, that this admirable Gentleman never could be prevailed on to give us the Particulars of his own Life; because, as it is the Fate of all eminent Persons to have various Characters given of them, so it was more remarkably his: One Reason for this may justly be assigned; that as at his first setting out Party ran high, those who on either Side had any Talents for Writing, spared not to throw the blackest Aspersions on the other;

other; so that, if we give them both Credit, we must conclude, there was neither Honour nor Virtue among them; but that all who were out, *Tories* and *Whigs*, *Whigs* and *Tories*, were equally corrupt: Indeed Ambition is a grand Deceiver, and apt to undermine Integrity itself; and this the Doctor himself was so sensible of, that I have frequently heard him declare, 'He 'thought it a great Blessing that all his 'Hopes of Preferment were at once cut off; 'insomuch that he had nothing to tempt 'or mislead him from a Patriotism, in 'which his grateful Country found their 'Happiness and Security.'

This leads me to a Story, I remember to have heard him tell, and therefore, I hope, cannot be impertinent:

A Clergyman, whose Character greatly resembled that I have heard Bishop *Berkley* give to Bishop *Atterbury*; namely, a most learned fine Gentleman, who under the softest and politest Appearance concealed the most turbulent Ambition: This Clergyman having made his Merit, as a Preacher, too eminent to be overlooked, had it early

rewarded

rewarded with a Mitre; his Friend Dr. *Swift* went to congratulate him on it; but at the same Time told him, 'He 'hoped, as his Lordship was a Native of '*Ireland*, and had now a Seat in the House 'of Peers, he would employ his powerful 'Elocution in the Service of his distressed 'Country.' The Prelate told him, 'The 'Bishoprick was but a very small one, and 'he could not hope for a better, if he did 'not oblige the Court.' 'Very well, says '*Swift*, then it is to be hoped, when you 'have a better, you will become an honest 'Man.' 'Ay, that I will, Mr. Dean, 'says he, till then, my Lord, farewel.' This pious Prelate was twice translated to richer Sees; and, on every Translation, Dr. *Swift* waited on him to remind him of his Promise, but to no Purpose; there was now an Archbishoprick in View, and till that was obtained, nothing could be done: This in a short Time he likewise possessed; he then sent for the Dean, and told him, 'I am now at the Top of my Pre-'ferment, for I well know no *Irishman* 'will ever be made Primate, therefore as

'I

'I can rise no higher in Fortune or Sta-'tion, I will zealously promote the good 'of my Country.' (A fine Reason truly!) And so he commenced a most outrageous Patriot, from those very laudable Motives, and continued so till his Death, which happened within these few Years.

I hope my Readers will indulge me in the frequent Mention I shall make of Dr. *Swift*; for tho' his Works are universally esteemed; yet few Persons now living, have had so many Opportunities of seeing him in private Life; as my being a Person *sans* Consequence afforded me, which Happiness I obtained by the following Means:

The learned Nymph before-mentioned, whom Curiosity engaged every Person to see, had shewn many of my Scribbles to Dr. *Delany*, known sufficiently by his own incomparable Life and Writings: As she was one of the first to congratulate me on my Marriage; she was a Witness how severely both Mr. *P——n* and I were used, or rather abused by my Mother; she told Dr. *Delany* of it, and made such favourable mention of the poor young Couple, that

that he generouſly imagined his countenancing Mr. *P——n* might be a Means of procuring us better Treatment. He had been Claſs-fellow with my Father in the College, and tho' they did not viſit, yet they had that mutual Eſteem for each other, which good Men feel for good Men; and were pleaſed whenever Accident threw them into each other's Company. The Doctor, preaching at our Pariſh Church immediately after our Marriage, was ſo kind as to join us coming out, and accompany us Home, to wiſh the young Couple Joy, a Favour we were all extremely proud of; at parting he gave us all an Invitation to to dine at his beautiful Villa, about a ſmall Mile diſtant from *Dublin*; what Opinion I conceived of him and his Improvements, may be ſeen in the following Lines, compoſed in one of his lovely Arbours: ——

Delville *the Seat of the Rev. Dr.* DELANY.

HAIL, happy *Delville!* bliſsful Seat!
The Muſe's beſt belov'd Retreat!
With Proſpects large and unconfin'd;
Bleſt Emblem of their Maſter's Mind!

Where

Where fragrant Gardens, painted Meads,
Wide op'ning Walks, and twilight Shades,
Inſpiring Scenes! elate the Heart!
Nature improv'd, and rais'd by Art;
So Paradiſe delightful ſmil'd,
Blooming, and beautifully wild.

Thrice happy Sage, who ſafe retir'd,
By Heav'n and by the Muſe inſpir'd;
In poliſh'd Arts, or Lays ſublime,
Or God-like Acts employ your Time.
Here Nature's Beauties you explore,
And ſearching her myſterious Store,
Thro' all her Operations find
The Image of the Sov'reign Mind,
And in each Inſect, Plant and Flow'r,
Contemplate the creating Pow'r:
Nor is thy Love of him alone
In fruitleſs Speculation ſhewn;
Thro' Life you happily exert,
The Chriſtian Virtues of your Heart;
To give new Schemes of Culture Birth,
And bleſs and beautify the Earth;
To raiſe th' Afflicted from Deſpair,
And make the friendleſs Wretch thy Care:

To-

To thee the higheſt Bliſs is given,
A Soul to praiſe, and copy Heaven.

Whether it was owing to my Youth, or any real Merit in the Verſes, I know not, but, weak as they were, from the Candour of the Company they met with great Applauſe, and the worthy Gentleman to whom they were directed, praiſed the Poetry extremely, only modeſtly wiſhed I had a better Subject to employ my fine Genius, as he was pleaſed to call it.

I hope, if I ſhould live to publiſh theſe Writings, none of the honourable Perſons mentioned in them, as having been once my Friends, will be offended at it; ſince whatever Misfortunes have ſince befallen me, I was not then quite unworthy of the Regard they ſhewed me, and ſtill retain a grateful Senſe of their Favour; only lamenting that by one fatal Folly it is irrecoverably loſt.

And now I muſt confeſs, as I have talked of Ambition, I had a ſtrong one to be known to Dr. *Swift:* As Dr. *Delany* had recommended and introduced Mr.

P——*n* to him, and the learned Lady before-mentioned, I thought it a little hard to be excluded from the Delight and Inſtruction I might poſſibly receive from ſuch Converſation; and having often remonſtrated on this Head, to no Purpoſe, I at laſt told them, (for to give me my due I was pretty pert) 'that truly they were 'envious, and would not let me ſee the 'Dean, knowing how much I ſurpaſſed 'them all.' As I ſpoke this but half ſerious, I ſet them all a laughing, and as they were to meet the next Day at the Deanery-Houſe to keep the Anniverſary of his Birth-day, I incloſed to Dr. *Delany* the following Lines:

To the Rev. Dr. SWIFT, *on his* Birth-day.

WHILE I the God-like Men of Old,
In Admiration wrapt behold!
Rever'd Antiquity explore,
And turn the long-liv'd Volumes o'er,
Where *Cato*, *Plutarch*, *Flaccus* ſhine
In ev'ry Excellence divine;

I grieve that our degen'rate Days,
Produce no mighty Souls like these;
Patriot, Philosopher and Bard,
Are Names unknown, and seldom heard.
Spare your Reflection, *Phœbus* cries,
'Tis as ungrateful as unwise;
Can you complain this sacred Day,
That Virtues, or that Arts decay?
Behold in SWIFT reviv'd appears
The Virtues of unnumber'd Years;
Behold in him with new Delight,
The Patriot, Bard and Sage unite;
And know, *Ierne* in that Name
Shall rival *Greece* and *Rome* in Fame.

Dr. *Delany* presented these Lines to the Dean, and at the same time told him my saucy Speech above-mentioned. The Dean kindly accepted of my Compliment, and said, 'He would see me whenever I pleas-'ed.' A most welcome Message to me!

A few Days after, the Dean sent the Doctor Word, he would dine with him at *Delville*, and desired to meet Mr. and Mrs. *P——n* there: You may be assured I obeyed this welcome Summons, and a Gen-

tlewoman was so kind as to call on me to go with her; when we arrived, Dr. *Delany*'s Servant told us, his Master, the Dean, and Mr. *P——n* were walking in the Garden; we met them on a noble Terrass, whose Summit was crowned with a magnificent Portico, where Painting and Sculpture displayed their utmost Charms: The Lady presented me to the Dean, who saluted me, and surprized me, by asking her, 'If I was her Daughter?' She smiled and said, 'I was Mrs. *P——n*.' 'What, says 'he, this poor little Child married! God 'help her, she is early engaged in Trouble.' We passed the Day in a most elegant and delightful Manner; and the Dean, engaging Mr. *P——n* to preach for him at the Cathedral the *Sunday* following, gave me also with the rest of the Company an Invitation to Dinner. As the Communion is administered every *Sunday* in this antique Church, dedicated to St. *Patrick*, the first Prelate who taught the Gospel in *Ireland*, I was charmed to see with what a becoming Piety the Dean performed that solemn Service; which he had so much at Heart, that

he

he wanted not the Assistance of the Liturgy, but went quite thro' it without ever looking in the Prayer-Book. Indeed another Part of his Behaviour on this Occasion was censured by some as favouring of *Popery*, which was, that he bowed to the Holy-Table; however this Circumstance may vindicate him from the wicked Aspersion of being deemed an Unbeliever, since 'tis plain he had the utmost Reverence for the Eucharist. Service being over, we met the Dean at the Church-Door, surrounded by a Crowd of Poor, to all of whom he gave Charity, excepting one old Woman, who held out a very dirty Hand to him; he told her very gravely, 'That 'though she was a Beggar, Water was 'not so scarce but she might have washed 'her Hands:' And so we marched with the Silver Verge before us to the Deanery-House. When we came into the Parlour, the Dean kindly saluted me, and without allowing me Time to sit down, bade me come and see his Study; Mr. *P——n* was for following us, but the Dean told him merrily, He did not desire his Company;

and so he ventured to trust me with him into the Library: 'Well, says he, I have 'brought you here to shew you all the Mo- 'ney I got when I was in the Ministry, 'but do not steal any of it.' 'I will not 'indeed, Sir, says I;' so he opened a Cabinet, and shewed me a whole Parcel of empty Drawers; 'Bless me, say he, the 'Money is flown;' he then opened his Bureau, wherein he had a great Number of curious Trinkets of various Kinds, some of which he told me, 'Were presented to 'him by the Earl and Countess of *Oxford*; 'some by Lady *Masham*, and some by La- 'dy *Betty Germain*;' at last, coming to a Drawer filled with Medals, he bade me chuse two for myself; but he could not help smiling, when I began to poize them in my Hands, chusing them by Weight rather than Antiquity, of which indeed I was not then a Judge.

The Dean amused me in this Manner till we were summoned to Dinner, where his Behaviour was so humorous, that I cannot avoid relating some Part of it: He placed himself at the Head of his Table opposite

to

to a great Pier-Glaſs, under which was a Marble Side-board, ſo that he could ſee in the Glaſs whatever the Servants did at it: He was ſerved entirely in Plate, and with great Elegance; but the Beef being over-roaſted put us all in Confuſion, the Dean called for the Cook-maid, and ordered her to take it down Stairs, and do it leſs; the Maid anſwered, very innocently, 'That ſhe 'could not:' 'Why, what Sort of a Crea-'ture are you, ſays he, to commit a Fault 'which cannot be amended?' And turning to me he ſaid very gravely, 'That he 'hoped, as the Cook was a Woman of 'Genius, he ſhould, by this Manner of ar-'guing, be able in about a Year's Time 'to convince her ſhe had better ſend up 'the Meat too little than too much done;' charging the Men Servants, 'Whenever 'they imagined the Meat was ready, they 'ſhould take it Spit and all, and bring it 'up by Force, promiſing to aid them, in 'caſe the Cook reſiſted.' The Dean then turning his Eye on the Looking-glaſs eſpied the Butler opening a Bottle of Ale, and helping himſelf to the firſt Glaſs; he very

very kindly jumbled the reſt together, that his Maſter and Gueſts might all fare alike. 'Ha! Friend, ſays the Dean, Sharp's the 'Word, I find you drank my Ale, for 'which I ſtop two Shillings of your Board-'Wages this Week; for I ſcorn to be out-'done in any thing, even in cheating.' Dinner at laſt was over to my great Joy; for now I had Hope of a more agreeable Entertainment than what the ſquabbling with the Servants had afforded us.

The Dean thanked Mr. *P——n* for his Sermon: 'I never, ſays he, preached 'but twice in my Life, and then they were 'not Sermons, but Pamphlets.' I aſked him, 'What might be the Subject of 'them;' he told me, 'They were againſt '*Wood*'s Half-pence.' 'Pray, Madam, 'ſays he, do you ſmoke;' 'No indeed, 'Sir, ſays I;' 'Nor your Huſband;' 'Neither, Sir:' 'It is a Sign, ſaid he, you 'were neither of you bred in the Univer-'ſity of *Oxford*; for drinking and ſmoak-'ing are the firſt Rudiments of Learning 'taught there; and in thoſe two Arts no 'Univerſity in *Europe* can out-do them.'

'Pray

'Pray Mrs. *P——n* tell me your Faults;' 'Indeed, Sir, I muſt beg to be excuſed, 'for if I can help it, you ſhall never find 'them out;' 'No, ſays he, then Mr. '*P——n* ſhall tell me;' 'I will, Sir, 'ſays he, when I have diſcovered them.' 'Pray Mr. Dean, ſays Dr. *Delany*, why 'will you be ſo unpolite, as to ſuppoſe Mrs. '*P——n* has any Faults?' 'Why, I will 'tell you, replied the Dean; whenever I 'ſee a Number of agreeable Qualities in 'any Perſon, I am always ſure, they have 'bad ones ſufficient to poize the Scale.' I bowed, and told the Dean, 'He did me 'great Honour:' And in this I copied Biſhop *Berkley*, whom I have frequently heard declare, 'That when any Speech was made 'to him, which might be conſtrued either 'into a Compliment, or an Affront, or '(that to make uſe of his own Word) had 'two Handles; he was ſo meek and ſo 'mild, that he always took hold of the 'beſt.'

The Dean then aſked me, 'If I was a 'Queen, what I ſhould chuſe to have after 'Dinner?' I anſwered, 'His Converſa-

'tion;'

'tion;' 'Phooh! says he, I mean what 'Regale?' 'A Dish of Coffee, Sir;' 'Why then I will so far make you as happy as a Queen, you shall have some in 'Perfection; for when I was Chaplain to 'the Earl of *Berkley*, who was in the Government here, I was so poor, I was obliged to keep a Coffee-house, and all the 'Nobility resorted to it to talk Treason:' I could not help smiling at this Oddity, but I really had such an Awe on me, that I could not venture to ask him, as I longed to do, what it meant? The Bottle and Glasses being taken away, the Dean set about making the Coffee; but the Fire scorching his Hand, he called to me to reach him his Glove, and changing the Coffee-pot to his Left-hand, held out his Right one, ordered me to put the Glove on it, which accordingly I did; when taking up Part of his Gown to fan himself with, and acting in Character of a prudish Lady, he said, 'Well, I do not know what to 'think; Women may be honest that do 'such Things, but, for my Part, I never 'could bear to touch any Man's Flesh——

'except

'except my Husband's, whom perhaps, 'says he, she wished at the Devil.

'Mr. *P*———*n*, says he, you would not 'tell me your Wife's Faults; but I have 'found her out to be a d—ned, insolent, 'proud, unmannerly Slut:' I looked confounded, not knowing what Offence I had committed.———Says Mr. *P*——*n*, 'Ay, 'Sir, I must confess she is a little saucy to 'me sometimes, but———what has she 'done now?' 'Done! why nothing, but 'sat there quietly, and never once offered 'to interrupt me in making the Coffee, 'whereas had I had a Lady of modern good 'Breeding here, she would have struggled 'with me for the Coffee-pot till she had 'made me scald myself and her, and made 'me throw the Coffee in the Fire; or perhaps at her Head, rather than permit me 'to take so much trouble for her.'

This raised my Spirits, and as I found the Dean always prefaced a Compliment with an Affront, I never afterwards was startled at the latter, (as too many have been, not entering into his peculiarly ironical Strain) but was modestly contented with

the former, which was more than I deserved, and which the Surprize rendered doubly pleasing.

By this Time, the Bell rang for Church; and Dr. *Delany* and Mr. *P——n*, who with myself were now all the Company, (for the rest departed before the Coffee was out) were obliged to attend the Summons: But as there is no Service in the Cathedral, but Evening-Prayer at Six o'Clock, I chose rather to attend the Dean there, than go to hear another Sermon; by this means I had him all to myself for near three Hours, during which Time he made me read to him the Annals of the four last Years of the Reign of Queen *Anne*, written by himself; the Intentions of which seemed to be a Vindication of the then Ministry and himself, from having any Design of placing the Pretender on the Throne of *Great-Britain:* It began with a solemn Adjuration, that all the Facts therein contained were Truth, and then proceeded in the Manner of Lord *Clarendon*, with giving the particular Characters of every Person whom he should have occasion to mention; amongst whom,

I remember, he compared Lord *Bolingbroke* to *Petronius*, one who agreeably mingled Buſineſs with Pleaſure. At the Concluſion of every Period, he demanded of me, 'Whether I underſtood it? For I 'would, ſays he, have it intelligent to the 'meaneſt Capacity, and if you compre-'prehend it, 'tis poſſible every Body may.' 'I bowed, and aſſured him I did.' And indeed it was written with ſuch Perſpecuity and Elegance of Stile, that I muſt have had no Capacity at all, if I did not taſte what was ſo exquiſitely beautiful.

Mr. *P*———*n*, when he was Chaplain to Alderman *Barber*, in the Year of his Mayoralty, mentioned thoſe Annals to Mr. *Pope*, who ſaid he had diſſuaded the Dean from publiſhing them; as the Facts contained in them were notoriouſly falſe. I was greatly aſtoniſhed when Mr. *P*——*n* told me this, nor could I tell what to determine: It ſeemed ſtrange to me, that a Perſon of the Dean's good Senſe and Veracity, ſhould in the moſt ſolemn manner invocate the Almighty to bear Teſtimony to Falſhoods, publicly known to be ſuch.

And yet as Mr. *Pope* was in Profe a Man of unqueſtioned Probity, and united to the Dean in the ſtricteſt Bonds of Friendſhip, and conſequently, without doubt, well acquainted with the Tranſactions of thoſe Times, we can hardly ſuppoſe he would ſpeak in the manner he did, without juſt Grounds for ſo doing; and his Evidence ſeems ſtrengthened by his being of the *Romiſh* Religion, which muſt certainly incline him to wiſh well to a Prince of the ſame Faith. However, upon the whole, I am inclined to judge charitably of the Dean; and to believe, that tho' the Miniſters frequently employed him as a Writer, and entertained him as a Companion; yet they had not let him into the Depth of their Deſigns, *the Myſtery of Iniquity!* So that what he relates in his Annals of the inviolable Attachment of thoſe in Power to the *Hanover* Succeſſion and the *Proteſtant* Faith, might be by him believed to be Truth: For who ſo wiſe but may be deceived? And perhaps Mr. *Pope*'s long and intimate Correſpondence with Lord *Bolingbroke* gave him a better Knowledge of what

what was really intended at that critical Juncture. Pardon this Digreſſion.

The Bell rang for Evening-Prayer, to which I accompanied the Dean. There is a fine Organ in this Church, which, with its antique Magnificence and ſo harmonious a Choir, brought *Milton*'s Lines into my Mind:

And let my due Feet never fail
To walk the ſtudious Cloyſters pale,
And love the high embowed Roof,
With antique Pillars, maſſy Proof,
And ſtory'd Windows richly dight,
Shedding a dim religious Light;
There let the pealing Organ blow
To the full-voic'd Choir below;
In Service high! and Anthem clear,
Which may with Pleaſure thro' mine Ear,
Diſſolve me into Extaſies,
And bring all Heaven before my Eyes.

On our Return to the Deanery-houſe, we found there waiting our coming Dr. *Delany* and Mr. *Rochford*, to whoſe Wife, *A Letter of Advice to a new-married Lady*,

(publiſhed ſince in the Dean's Works) was written, and which by the bye, the Lady did not take as a Compliment, either to her or the Sex, Mr. *P———n*, Dr. *Sheridan*, Author of the Art of Punning, with two or three other Clergymen, (who uſually paſſed *Sunday* Evening with the Dean) Mr. *P———n* and I were for going Home, but the Dean told us, 'He gave 'us leave to ſtay to Supper;' which from him was a ſufficient Invitation. The Dean then pulled out of his Pocket, a little Gold Runlet, in which was a Bottle-Screw, and opening a Bottle of Wine, he decanted it off; the laſt Glaſs being muddy, he called to Mr. *P———n* to drink it: 'For, ſays 'he, I always keep ſome poor Parſon to 'drink the foul Wine for me:' Mr. *P——n*, entering into his Humour, thanked him, and told him, 'He did not know 'the Difference, but was glad to get a 'Glaſs at any rate:' 'Why then, ſays the 'Dean, you ſhan't, for I'll drink it my-'ſelf: Why, P—x take you, you are 'wiſer than a paultry Curate, whom I 'aſked to dine with me a few Days ago;

'for

'for upon my making the ſame Speech 'to him, he told me he did not underſtand 'ſuch Uſage, and ſo walked off without 'his Dinner. By the ſame Token, I told 'the Gentleman who recommended him 'to me, That the Fellow was a Blockhead, 'and I had done with him.'

The Dean then miſſing his Golden Bottle-Screw, told me, very ſternly, 'He was ſure 'I had ſtolen it:' I affirmed, very ſeriouſly, 'I had not:' Upon which he looked for it, and found it where he himſelf had laid it; ''Tis well for you, ſays he, that I 'have got it, or I would have charged you 'with Theft:' 'Why, pray, Sir, ſhould 'I be ſuſpected more than any other Perſon in the Company?' 'For a very good 'Reaſon, ſays he, becauſe you are the 'pooreſt.'

There now came in, to ſup with the Dean, one of the oddeſt little Mortals I ever met with: He formerly wrote the *Gazetteer*; and upon the Strength of being an Author, and of having travelled, took upon him not only to dictate to the Company, but to contradict whatever any

other Perſon advanced Right or Wrong, till he had entirely ſilenced them all: And then having the whole Talk to himſelf, (for, to my great Surprize, the Dean neither interrupted nor ſhewed any Diſlike of him) he told us a whole String of Improbabilities, ſuch as, 'That each Pillar of St. 'Peter's at *Rome* took up more Ground 'than a Convent which was near it, where-'in were twelve Monks, with their Cha-'pel, Garden, and Infirmary.' By this Account, every Pillar muſt take up, at leaſt, half an Acre, and, conſidering the Number of them, we muſt conclude the Edifice to be ſome Miles in Circumference. No one preſent had ever been at *Rome*, except himſelf, ſo that he might tell us juſt what he thought proper.

I took notice, that before this dogmatical Gentleman the Dean was moſt remarkably complaiſant to Mr. *P——n* and me, and at our going away, the Dean would hand me down all the Steps to the Coach, thanking us for the Honour of our Company, at the ſame time ſliding into my Hand as much Money as Mr. *P——n* and

and I had given at the Offering in the Morning, and Coach-hire alſo, which I durſt not refuſe, leſt I ſhould have been deemed as great a Blockhead as the Parſon, who refuſed the thick Wine.

It has been a Matter of Diſpute amongſt the Learned, whether *England* or *Ireland* had the Honour of giving to the World this admirable Perſon; 'tis probable Poſterity may contend this Point, as warmly as the ſeven Cities of *Greece* did the Birth-place of *Homer:* And tho' in reality, 'tis of no great Importance where a Man is born; yet as the *Iriſh* are the eternal Ridicule of the *Engliſh* for their Ignorance, I am proud *Hibernia* had the Happineſs of producing this brilliant Wit, to redeem the Credit of the Country; and to convince the World, a Man may draw his firſt Breath there, and yet be learned, wiſe, generous, religious, witty, ſocial and polite.

The Account I have frequently heard the Dean give of himſelf, was, that he was born in *Hoey's-Alley*, in *Warburgh's* Pariſh *Dublin*; his Father was a Lawyer, and returning from the Circuit, he unfortunately brought

brought home the Itch with him, which he had got by lying in ſome foul Bed on the Road. Somebody adviſed him to uſe Mercury to cure it, which Preſcription coſt him his Life in a very few Days after his Return. The Dean was a poſthumous Son to this Gentleman, but, as he ſaid, came Time enough to ſave his Mother's Credit. He was given to an *Iriſh* Woman to nurſe, whoſe Huſband being in *England*, and writing to her to come to him; as ſhe could not bear the Thoughts of parting with the Child, ſhe very fairly took him with her, unknown to his Mother, or any of his Relations, who could learn no Tidings either of him or her for three Years; at the End of which Time, ſhe returned to *Ireland*, and reſtored the Child to his Mother, from whom ſhe eaſily obtained a Pardon, both on account of the Joy ſhe conceived at ſeeing her only Son again, when ſhe had in a manner loſt all Hope of it; as alſo, that it was plain, the Nurſe had no other Motive for ſtealing him, but pure Affection, which the Women of *Ireland* generally have in as eminent Degree, for the

the Children they nurſe, as for their own Offspring.

I believe the Dean's early Youth did not promiſe that bright Day of Wit which has ſince enlightened the learned World. Whilſt he was at the Univerſity of *Dublin*, he was ſo far from being diſtinguiſhed for any Superiority of Parts or Learning, that he was ſtopped of his Degree as a Dunce. When I heard the Dean relate this Circumſtance, for I ſet down nothing but what I had from his own Mouth, I told him, I ſuppoſed he had been idle; but he affirmed to the contrary; aſſuring me, he was really dull, which, if true, is very ſurpriſing.

I have often been led to look on the World as a Garden, and the human Minds as ſo many Plants, ſet by the Hand of the great Creator for Utility and Ornament. Thus, ſome we ſee, early produce beautiful Bloſſoms, and as ſoon fade away; others, whoſe Gems are more ſlow in unfolding, but more permanent, when blown; and others again, who tho' longer in arriving at Perfection, not only bleſs us then with Shade and Odour, but alſo with

delicious

delicious wholesome Fruit. To go on with the Allegory, we often hear from Children very bright Sallies of Wit, and Reflections above their Years: From these hopeful Beginnings we are apt to expect something very extraordinary in their Maturity, but how often are we disappointed? How often do we see these sparkling Children dwindle gradually into the most humdrum Men and Women, as if, to make use of the Florists Phrase, the *Blow* was quite over; and some, whose Childhood has given no Presages of great Talents, have improved every Year, till they have brought forth the beautiful Flowers of Poetry and Rhetorick, and the rich Fruits of Wisdom and Virtue.

Whether this Comparison will hold, I submit to the Judgment of those who are better acquainted with the secret Workings of Nature, than I can presume to be. I am afraid of going out of my Depth, and yet I have a great Inclination to say a little more on this Subject.

I have known a Person, who in his Youth was an extraordinary Adept in Music, and performed

performed on ſeveral Inſtruments extremely well. I ſaw the ſame Perſon ſome Years after; and lo! his muſical Talent was entirely loſt, and he was then a very good Painter. Now I could not help forming a Notion in my own Mind, that as our Ideas depend on the Fibres of the Brain, it was poſſible we might by the continual Uſe of ſome particular one, weaken it ſo as to make it periſh; and at the ſame time, another might exert from that very Cauſe itſelf with double Strength. Thus, I ſuppoſe, when this Gentleman's muſical Fibres periſhed, his painting ones ſhot forth with Vigour. If there be any Truth in this Whim of mine, which, I own, I am fond of believing myſelf, we may eaſily account for the various Diſpoſitions which we meet with, even in the ſame Perſon at different Periods of Life.

But to return. Altho' it is not in my Power to give a ſuccinct Account of the Dean's Life, neither have I any intention to attempt it, yet I believe I am better qualified to do it, than moſt of thoſe who have undertaken it, as they were abſolute

Strangers

Strangers to him, and relate Things upon Hearſay. The Dean, for the latter Part of his Life, contracting his Acquaintance into a very narrow Compaſs, for as he was frequently deaf, he thought this Infirmity made him troubleſome, and therefore kept no Company but ſuch as he could be ſo free with, as to bid them ſpeak loud, or repeat what they had ſaid; it was owing to this, that Mr. *P——n* and I frequently paſſed whole Days with him, while Numbers of our betters were excluded; and as he was like another *Neſtor*, full of Days and Wiſdom, ſo like him, he was pretty much upon the Narrative, than which nothing could be more delightful to me, as Pleaſure and Inſtruction flowed from his Lips:

His Words
Drew Audience, and Attention ſtill as Night
Or Summer's Noontide Air. MIL.

I remember in one of theſe periodical Fits of Deafneſs, for they returned on certain Seaſons on him, he ſent for me early in the Morning; he told me when I came,

he

he had found Employment for me; ſo he brought to me out of his Study a large Book, very finely bound in *Turkey* Leather, and handſomely gilt; this, ſays he, is a Tranſlation of the Epiſtles of *Horace*, a Preſent to me from the Author, it is a ſpecial good Cover! But I have a Mind there ſhould be ſomething valuable within ſide of it; ſo taking out his Penknife, he cut out all the Leaves cloſe to the inner Margin. Now, ſays he, I will give theſe what they greatly want, and put them all into the Fire. He then brought out two Drawers filled with Letters: Your Taſk, Madam, is to paſte in theſe Letters, in this Cover, in the Order I ſhall give them to you; I intended to do it myſelf, but that I thought it might be a pretty Amuſement for a Child, ſo I ſent for you. I told him, I was extremely proud to be honoured with his Commands: But, Sir, may I preſume to make a Requeſt to you, yes, ſays he, but ten to one I ſhall deny it. I hope not, Sir, it is this; may I have leave to read the Letters as I go on? Why, provided you will acknowledge yourſelf amply re-

warded for your Trouble, I do not much care if I indulge you so far; but are you sure you can read? I do not know, Sir, I will try. Well then begin with this: It was a Letter from Lord *Bolingbroke*, dated six o'Clock in the Morning; it began with a Remark, how differently that Hour appeared to him now rising cool, serene, and temperate, to contemplate the Beauties of Nature, to what it had done in some former Parts of his Life, when he was either in the midst of Excesses, or returning Home sated with them; so he proceeded to describe the numberless Advantages with which Temperance and Virtue bless their Votaries, and the Miseries which attend a contrary Course. The Epistle was pretty long, and the most refined Piece of moral Philosophy I ever met with, as indeed every one of his were, and I had the unspeakable Delight of reading several of them.

Nor can I be at all surprized, that Mr. *Pope* should so often celebrate a Genius, who, for Sublimity of Thought, and Elegance of Stile, had few Equals. The rest of the Dean's Correspondents were, the

Lady

Lady *Maſham*, the Earl of *Oxford*, Dr. *Atterbury*, Biſhop *Burnet*, Lord *Bathurſt*, Mr. *Addiſon*, Archdeacon *Parnell*, Mr. *Congreve*, Mr. *Pultney*, Mr. *Pope*, Mr. *Gay*, Dr. *Arbuthnot*; a noble and a learned Set! So my Readers may judge what a Banquet I had. I could not avoid remarking to the Dean, that notwithſtanding the Friendſhip Mr. *Pope* profeſſed for Mr. *Gay*, he could not forbear a great many ſatirical, or, if I may be allowed to ſay ſo, envious Remarks on the Succeſs of the *Beggar's Opera*. The Dean very frankly owned, he did not think Mr. *Pope* was ſo candid to the Merits of other Writers, as he ought to be. I then ventured to aſk the Dean, whether he thought the Lines Mr. *Pope* addreſſes him with, in the Beginning of the *Dunciad*, were any Compliment to him? *viz.*

O thou! whatever Title pleaſe thine Ear.
Dunciad.

'I believe, ſays he, they were meant as 'ſuch; but they are very ſtiff;'—'Indeed,

'Sir, said I, he is so perfectly a Master of 'harmonious Number, that had his Heart 'been in the least affected with his Subject, 'he must have writ better;' 'How cold, 'how forced, are his Lines to you, com-'pared with yours to him:'

* *Hail happy* Pope, *whose generous Mind.*

Here we see the masterly Poet, and the warm, sincere, generous Friend; while he, according to the Character he gives of Mr. *Addison*, damns with faint Praise.—'Well, 'replied the Dean, I will shew you a late 'Letter of his to me;' he did so; and I own I was surprized to find it filled with low and ungentleman-like Reflections both on Mr. *Gay* and the two noble Persons who honoured him with their Patronage after his Disappointment at Court. 'Well, 'Madam, said the Dean, what do you 'think of that Letter? (seeing I had gone 'quite through it:)——'Indeed, Sir, re-'turned I, I am sorry I have read it; for 'it gives me Reason to think there is no 'such

* See *Swift*'s Libel on Lord *Carteret*.

'such thing as a sincere Friend to be met 'with in the World.' 'Why, replied he, 'Authors are as jealous of their Prerogative as Kings, and can no more bear a 'Rival in the Empire of Wit, than a Monarch could in his Dominions.' 'But, 'Sir, said I, here is a *Latin* Sentence writ 'in *Italics*, which, I suppose, means something particular; will you be so kind to 'explain it?' 'No, replied he, smiling, '— I will leave that for your Husband to 'do; — I will send for him to come and 'dine with us, and in the mean time we 'will go and take a Walk in *Naboth*'s 'Vineyard:' 'Where may that be, pray, 'Sir?'—— 'Why a Garden — I cheated 'one of my Neighbours out of.' — When we entered the Garden, or rather the Field, which was square, and inclosed with a Stone Wall, the Dean asked me how I liked it? 'Why pray, said I, where 'is the Garden?' 'Look behind you,' said he; I did so, and observed the South Wall was lined with Brick, and a great Number of Fruit Trees planted against it, which being then in Blossom, looked very beau-

tiful. 'What are you so intent on, said 'the Dean?' 'The opening Blooms, Sir, 'which brought *Waller*'s Lines to my Re-'membrance: ———

Hope waits upon the flow'ry Prime.

'Oh! replied he, you are in a poetical 'Vein; I thought you had been taking 'Notice of my Wall, it is the best in *Ire-'land*; when the Masons were building it, '(as most Tradesmen are Rogues) I 'watched them very close, and as often as 'they could, they put in a rotten Stone, 'of which however, I took no Notice, till 'they had built three or four Perches be-'yond it; now as I am an absolute Monarch 'in the *Liberties**, and King of the Mob, 'my Way with them, was to have the 'Wall thrown down to the Place where I 'observed the rotten Stone, and by doing 'so five or six Times, the Workmen were 'at last convinced it was their Interest to 'be honest;' or else, Sir, said I, your Wall 'would have been as tedious a Piece of 'Work

* *Liberties* belonging to the Dean.

'Work as *Penelope*'s Web, if all that was 'done in the Day was to be undone at 'Night:' 'Well, answered he, I find you 'have Poetry for every Occasion; but as 'you cannot keep Pace with me in walk-'ing; (for indeed I was not quite so light 'then, as I had been some Months before) 'I would have you sit down on that little 'Bank, till you are rested or I tired, to 'put us more upon a Par.'

I seated myself, and away the Dean walked, or rather trolled, as hard as ever he could drive. I could not help smiling at his odd Gait, for I thought to myself, he had written to so much in Praise of Horses, that he was resolved to imitate them as nearly as he could: As I was indulging this Fancy, the Dean returned to me, and gave me a strong Confirmation of his Partiality to those Animals; 'I have been 'considering, Madam, as I walked, said 'he, what a Fool Mr. *P*——*n* was to 'marry you, for he could have afforded to 'keep a Horse for less Money than you 'cost him, and that, you must confess, 'would have given him better Exercise and

'more

'more Pleasure than a Wife: —— Why 'you laugh, and do not answer me——is 'not it Truth?' 'I must answer you, Sir, 'with another Question; Pray how can a 'Batchelor judge of this Matter?' 'I find, 'said he, you are vain enough to give 'yourself the Preference:' 'I do, Sir, to 'that Species here, a *Huyoniam*, I would, as 'becomes me, give Place to: But, Sir, it 'is going to rain;'—'I hope not, said he, 'for that will cost me Six-pence for a 'Coach for you, (this Garden being at 'some Distance from his House) come, 'haste: O how the Tester trembles in my 'Pocket!' I obeyed, and we got in a Doors just Time enough to escape a heavy Shower. 'Thank God, said the Dean, I 'have saved my Money; here, you Fel-'low, (to his Servant) carry this Six-pence 'to the lame old Man that sells Ginger-'bread at the Corner, because he tries to 'do something, and does not beg.'

The Dean shewed me into a little Street-Parlour, (where sat his Housekeeper, matron-like Gentlewoman at Work) 'Here 'says he, Mrs. *Brent*, take Care of thi 'Child.

'Child, meaning me) and see she does no 'Mischief, while I take my Walk out 'within Doors:' The Deanery-House has I know not how many Pair of Back-Stairs in it; the preceding Dean who built it being, it seems, extremely fearful of Fire, was resolved there should be many Ways to escape in case of Danger.

The Dean then ran up the Great-Stairs, down one Pair of Back-Stairs, up another, in so violent a Manner, that I could not help expressing my Uneasiness to the good Gentlewoman, lest he should fall, and be hurted; she said, 'It was a customary Ex-'ercise with him, when the Weather did 'not permit him to walk abroad.'

I told Mrs. *Brent*, 'I believed the Dean 'was extremely charitable;' 'Indeed, Ma-'dam, replied she, No body can be more 'so; his Income is not above six hundred 'Pounds a Year, and every Year he gives 'above the Half of it in private Pensions 'to decayed Families; besides this, he keeps 'five hundred Pounds in the constant Ser-'vice of the industrious Poor: This he 'lends out in five Pounds at a Time, and takes

'takes the Payment back at twelve Pence 'a Week; this does them more Service, 'than if he gave it to them entirely, as it 'obliges them to work, and at the same 'Time keeps up this charitable Fund for 'the Assistance of many. You cannot i-'magine what Numbers of poor Tradesmen, 'who have even wanted proper Tools to 'carry on their Work, have by this small 'Loan, been put into a prosperous Way, 'and brought up their Families in Credit. 'The Dean, added she, has found out a 'new Method of being charitable, in which 'however, I believe, he will have but few 'Followers; which is, to debar himself of 'what he calls the Superfluities of Life, in 'order to administer to the Necessities of 'the Distressed; you just now saw an In-'stance of it, the Money a Coach would 'have cost him, he gave to a poor Man, 'unable to walk; when he dines alone, he 'drinks a Pint of Beer, and gives away 'the Price of a Pint of Wine; and thus he 'acts in numberless Instances.'

My Reader will, I hope, do me the Justice to believe I was quite charmed with this Account

Account of the Dean's beneficent Spirit; and I no longer wondered so many of the Clergy endeavoured to depreciate him; for, as it is well known, there are not, in the general, a more voluptuous Set of Men living, this Doctrine of *Self-denial* was enough to make them pour out all their Anathema's on him, and brand him with the Name of *Atheist*, Unbeliever, and such like Terms, as they in their Christian Zeal thought proper to bestow.

I before admired the Dean as a Person of distinguished Genius, but now I learned to revere him as the Angel of *Ireland*. The Dean running into the Parlour, threw a whole Packet of Manuscript Poems into my Lap, and so he did for five or six Times successively, till I had an Apron full of Wit and Novelty, (for they were all of his own Writing,) and such as had not then been made public, and many of them, I believe, never will. Mr. *P——n* coming, according to the Dean's Desire, to Dinner, found me deeply engaged, and sat down to partake of my Entertainment, till we were summoned to Table, to a less

noble Part. 'Well, Mr. *P——n*, ſaid the 'Dean, I hope you are jealous; I have 'had your Wife a good many Hours, 'and as ſhe is a likely Girl, and I a very 'young Man, (*Note*, he was upwards of 'Threeſcore) you do not know what 'may have happened: Tho' I muſt tell 'you, you are very partial to her; for 'here I have not been acquainted with 'her above ſix Months, and I have al'ready diſcovered two intolerable Faults 'in her; 'tis true, I looked ſharp, or per'haps they might have eſcaped my No'tice: Nay, Madam, do not look ſur'priſed, I am reſolved to tell your Huſ'band, that he may break you of them.' 'Indeed, Sir, returned I, my Surprize is, 'that you have not found out two and 'fifty in half that time; but let me know 'them, and I will mend of them, if I 'can.' 'Well put in, ſays he, for I be'lieve you can't; but eat your Dinner, 'however, for they are not capital.' I obeyed, yet was very impatient to know my particular Errors; he told me, 'I 'ſhould hear of them Time enough.'

The

The Things being taken away; 'Now,' 'good Sir, said I, tell me what I do amiss, 'that I may reform;' 'No, returned he; 'but I'll tell your Husband before your 'Face to shame you the more:——In the 'first Place, Mr. *P*——*n*, she had the in-'solence this Morning, not only to desire 'to read the Writings of the most cele-'brated Genius's of the Age, in which I 'indulged her; but she must also, for-'sooth, pretend to praise or censure them, 'as if she knew something of the Matter; 'indeed her Remarks were not much a-'miss, considering they were Guess-'Work; but this Letter here of Mr. '*Pope*'s she has absolutely condemned; 'read it, (he did so;) take notice of it, 'said the Dean; she would also have had 'me explain that *Latin* Sentence to her, 'but I had some Modesty, tho' she had 'none you see.' 'Why, Sir, said I, sure 'Mr. *Pope* would not (especially to you) 'write any thing which even a Virgin 'might not read.' Now, Mr. *P*——*n*, 'said the Dean, is her Curiosity at work; 'I'll be hang'd if she lets you sleep to-'night till you have satisfied it. But this

'is not all; she had the Vanity to affirm, 'that she thought herself preferable to a 'Horse, and more capable of giving you 'pleasure: Nay, she laugh'd in my Face 'for being of a different Opinion; and 'asked me how a Batchelor should know 'any thing of the Matter? If you don't 'take down her Pride, there will be no 'bearing her.'

'Indeed, Sir, said Mr. *P——n*, 'tis 'your Fault that she is so conceited; she 'was always disposed to be saucy, but 'since you have done her the honour to 'take notice of her, and make her your 'Companion, there is no such thing as 'mortifying her.' 'Very fine, said the 'Dean, I have got much by complaining 'to you, to have all your Wife's Faults 'laid at my Door.' 'Well, Sir, said I; 'all these Misdemeanors may be included 'under the Article of *Pride:* Now, let 'me know my other Crime:' 'Why, 'said he, you can't walk fast; but at pre-'sent, I excuse you.' 'Well, Sir, if I 'can't mend my Pride, I'll try to mend 'my Pace.' Mr. *P——n*, said he, I

'have

'have a mind to clip your Wife's Wit.' 'Indeed, Sir, said I, that's Death by Law, 'for 'tis Sterling.' 'Shut up your Mouth, 'for all Day, *Letty*, said Mr. *P——n*, 'for that Answer is real Wit.' Nay, 'said the Dean, I believe we had better 'shut up our own, for at this rate she'll 'be too many for us.' I am sure, if I was not proud before, this was enough to make me so.

The Dean guessed right, when he said, I would not let Mr. *P——n* sleep till he had explained to me the *Latin* Sentence in Mr. *Pope*'s Letter; which, at my Request, he did. And, indeed, none but such a wicked Wit could have contrived to turn the Words of our blessed Saviour, so as to make them convey a very impure, as well as a most uncharitable, Idea to the Mind.

Feuds ran so high between my Mother and Mr. *P——n*, that my Life became very unhappy. So we determined to quit my Father's House for a little one of our own, which my Husband's Father made us a Present of; and which, by the Bounty of our Friends, who came a House-

warming to us, was soon elegantly furnished; there was a large Garden to it, which Mr. *P———n* laid out in a most beautiful Taste, and built a delightful Summer-house in it, fit indeed for a Nobleman; here we usually entertained our Friends; here also we both invoked the Muse. Mr. *P——n* coming in Curate, (by the Removal of Dr. *Owens* to a Living, of whose Behaviour to me in my Misfortunes, I shall have occasion to speak) and by having the Honour of being Chaplain to Lady *Charlemont*, with an annual Allowance I had from my Father, our Income was about one hundred Pounds a Year; so that having no Rent to pay, and having my Father's Coach and Table always at our Command, we could, in so cheap a Country as *Ireland*, live in a very decent Manner; as Dr. *Swift* mentions our doing in a Letter of his to Mr. *Pope*, now published amongst others.

The Dean came to dine with us in our *Lilliputian* Palace, as he called it, and who could have thought it? He just looked into the Parlour, and ran up into the Garret,

ret, then into my Bed-chamber and Library, and from thence down to the Kitchen; and well it was for me that the Houſe was very clean; for he complimented me on it, and told me, 'That 'was his Cuſtom; and that 'twas from 'the Cleanlineſs of the Garret and Kitchen 'he judged of the good Houſewifery of 'the Miſtreſs of the Houſe; for no doubt, 'but a Slut would have the Rooms clean, 'where the Gueſts were to be entertained.'

He really was ſometimes very rude, even to his Superiors, of which the following Story, related to me by himſelf, may ſerve as one Inſtance amongſt a thouſand others.

The laſt time he was in *London*, he went to dine with the Earl of *Burlington*, who was then but newly married. My Lord being willing, I ſuppoſe, to have ſome Diverſion, did not introduce him to his Lady, nor mention his Name: 'Tis to be obſerved, his Gown was generally very ruſty, and his Perſon no way extraordinary. ——After Dinner, ſaid the Dean, 'Lady '*Burlington*, I hear you can ſing; ſing 'me a Song.' The Lady looked on this

unceremonious manner of asking a Favour with Distaste, and positively refused him. He said, she should sing, or he would make her. 'Why, Madam, I suppose 'you take me for one of your poor paul-'try *English* Hedge Parsons; sing, when 'I bid you.' As the Earl did nothing but laugh at this Freedom, the Lady was so vexed that she burst into Tears, and retired.

His first Compliment to her, when he saw her again, was, 'Pray, Madam, are 'you as proud and as ill-natured now, as 'when I saw you last?' To which she answered with great good Humour,—'No, 'Mr. Dean; I'll sing for you, if you 'please.'——From which time he conceived great Esteem for her. But who that knew him would take offence at his Bluntness? It seems Queen *Caroline* did not, if we may credit his own Lines, wherein he declares, That he

With Princes kept a due Decorum,
But never stood in Awe before 'em;

And

And to the preſent Queen, God bleſs her,
Would ſpeak as free as to her Dreſſer;
She thought it his peculiar Whim,
Nor took it ill—as come from him.

SWIFT, on his own Death.

I cannot recollect that ever I ſaw the Dean laugh; perhaps he thought it beneath him; for when any Pleaſantry paſſed, which might have excited it, he uſed to ſuck in his Cheeks, as Folks do when they have a Plug of Tobacco in their Mouths, to avoid Riſibility. He frequently put me in mind of *Shakeſpear*'s Deſcription of *Caſſius*:

He is a great Diſcerner, and he looks
Quite thro' the Deeds of Men——
Seldom he ſmiles, and ſmiles in ſuch a ſort
As if he mock'd himſelf, and ſcorn'd his Spirit,
That could be mov'd to ſmile at any thing.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

As the Dean, and, after his Example, Mr. *P——n*, were eternally ſatyrizing and ridiculing

ridiculing the *Female* Sex; I had a very great inclination to be even with them, and expose the Inconstancy of Men; and borrowing a Hint from a Story in the *Peruvian* Tales, I formed from it the following Poem; and I hope it will be acceptable to my fair Readers, as it is peculiarly addressed to them.

The STATUES: Or, the Trial of CONSTANCY. A TALE.

For the LADIES.

IN a fair Island in the Southern Main,
Blest with indulgent Skies and kindly Rain;
A Princess liv'd, of Origin divine,
Of Bloom celestial, and Imperial Line.

In that sweet Season, when the mounting Sun
Prepares with Joy his radiant Course to run;
Led by the Graces, and the dancing Hours,
And wakes to Life the various Race of Flowers;

The

The lovely Queen forſook her ſhining Court,
For rural Scenes, and healthful ſylvan Sport.

It ſo befel, that as in chearful Talk,
Her Nymphs and ſhe purſu'd their Evening Walk;
On the green Margin of the oozy Deep,
They found a graceful Youth diſſolv'd in Sleep,
Whoſe Charms the Queen ſurvey'd with fond Delight,
And hung enamour'd o'er the pleaſing Sight:
By her Command, the Youth was ſtrait convey'd,
And, ſleeping, ſoftly in her Palace laid.

Now ruddy Morning purpled o'er the Skies,
And beamy Light unſeal'd the Stranger's Eyes,
Who cry'd aloud, Ye Gods, unfold this Scene!
Where am I! What can all theſe Wonders mean?

Scarce

Scarce had he ſpoke, when with officious Care,
Attendant Nymphs a fragrant Bath prepare;
He roſe, he bath'd, and on his lovely Head
Ambroſial Sweets, and precious Oil they ſhed:
To deck his poliſh'd Limbs, a Robe they brought,
In all the various Dyes of Beauty wrought.
Then led him to the Queen, who on a Throne
Of burniſh'd Gold, and beamy Diamonds ſhone:
But oh! what Wonder ſeiz'd her beauteous Gueſt!
What Love, what Extaſy, his Soul poſſeſt!
Entranc'd he ſtood, and on his falt'ring Tongue
Imperfect Words, and half-form'd Accents hung:
Nor leſs the Queen the blooming Youth admir'd,
Nor leſs Delight and Love her Soul inſpir'd.

O Stranger! said the Queen, if hither driven,
By adverse Winds, or sent a Guest from Heav'n,
To me the wretched never sue in vain,
This fruitful Isle acknowledges my Reign,
Then speak thy Wishes, and thy Wants declare,
And no Denial shall attend your Pray'r;
She paus'd and blush'd,——the Youth his Silence broke,
And kneeling thus the charming Queen bespoke:

O Goddess! for a Form so bright as thine,
Speaks thee descended of celestial Line;
Low at your Feet a prostrate King behold,
Whose faithless Subjects sold his Life for Gold;
I fly a cruel Tyrant's lawless Hand,
And Shipwreck drove my Vessel on your Strand.
But why do I complain of Fortune's Frowns?
Or what are Titles, Honours, Scepters, Crowns

To

To this ſweet Moment? While in fond Amaze
On ſuch tranſporting Excellence I gaze!
Such Symmetry of Shape! ſo fair a Face!
Such finiſh'd Excellence, ſuch perfect Grace!
Hear then my only Wiſh, and oh! approve
The ardent Prayer which ſupplicates thy Love.

From *Neptune* know, O Prince, my Birth I claim,
Replies the Queen, and *Lucida*'s my Name;
This Iſland, theſe attendant Nymphs he gave,
The fair-hair'd Daughters of the azure Wave!
But he whoſe Fortune gains me for a Bride
Muſt have his Conſtancy ſeverely try'd.
One Day each Moon am I compell'd to go
To my great Father's wat'ry Realms below,
Where coral Groves cœleſtial red diſplay,
And blazing Di'monds emulate the Day;

In

In this ſhort Abſence if your Love endures,
My Heart and Empire are for ever yours;
And hoary *Neptune*, to reward your Truth,
Shall crown you with immortal Bloom and Youth;
But inſtant Death will on your Falſhood wait,
Nor can my Tenderneſs prevent your Fate.
Twice twenty Times in Wedlock's ſacred Band,
My royal Father join'd my plighted Hand;
Twice twenty noble Youths, alas! are dead,
Who in my Abſence ſtain'd the Nuptial Bed;
Your Virtues, Prince, may claim a nobler Throne,
But mine is yielded on theſe Terms alone.

Delightful Terms! reply'd the raptur'd Youth,
Accept my Conſtancy, my endleſs Truth,
Perfidious faithleſs Men! enrag'd, he cry'd,
They merited the Fate by which they dy'd;

Accept a Heart incapable of Change,
Thy Beauty ſhall forbid Deſire to range;
No other Form ſhall to mine Eye ſeem fair,
No other Voice attract my liſt'ning Ear,
No Charms but thine ſhall e'er my Soul approve,
So aid thy Vot'ry, potent God of Love!

Now loud Applauſes thro' the Palace ring,
The duteous Subjects hail their God-like King:
To feaſtful Mirth they dedicate the Day,
While tuneful Voices chant the nuptial Lay.
Love ditty'd Airs, hymn'd by the vocal Quire,
Sweetly attemper'd to the warbling Lyre;
But when the Sun deſcending ſought the Main,
And low-brow'd Night aſſum'd her ſilent Reign;
They to the Marriage-bed convey'd the Bride,
And laid the raptur'd Bridegroom by her Side.

Now

Now roſe the Sun, and with auſpicious
Ray,
Diſpell'd the dewy Miſts, and gave the
Day;
When *Lucida*, with anxious Care oppreſs'd,
Thus wak'd her ſleeping Lord from downy
Reſt:

Soul of my Soul, and Monarch of my
Heart,
This Day, ſhe cry'd, this fatal Day we
part;
Yet if your Love uninjur'd you retain,
We ſoon ſhall meet in Happineſs again,
To part no more; but rolling Years employ
In circling Bliſs, and never fading Joy:
Alas! my boding Soul is loſt in Woe,
And from mine Eyes the Tears unbidden
flow.

Joy of my Life, diſmiſs thoſe needleſs
Fears,
Reply'd the King, and ſtay thoſe precious
Tears;

Should lovely *Venus* leave her native Sky,
And at my Feet, imploring Fondneſs, lie,
E'en ſhe, the radiant Queen of ſoft Deſires,
Should, diſappointed, burn with hopeleſs Fires.

The Heart of Man the Queen's Experience knew
Perjur'd and falſe, yet wiſh'd to find him true:
She ſigh'd retiring, and in Regal State,
The King conducts her to the Palace Gate;
Where ſacred *Neptune*'s chryſtal Chariot ſtands,
The wond'rous Work of his celeſtial Hands:
Six harneſs'd Swans the bright Machine convey
Swift thro' the Air, or pathleſs wat'ry Way;
The Birds with eagle-ſpeed, the Air divide,
And plunge the Goddeſs in the ſounding Tide.

Slow to the Court the penſive King returns,
And ſighs in ſecret, and in Silence mourns;

So

So in the Grove ſad *Philomel* complains
In mournful Accents, and melodious Strains:
Her plaintive Woes fill the reſounding Lawn,
From ſtarry *Veſper* to the roſy Dawn.

The King, to mitigate his tender Pain,
Seeks the Apartment of the Virgin Train,
With ſportive Mirth ſad Abſence to beguile,
And bid the melancholy Moments ſmile;
But there deſerted lonely Rooms he found,
And ſolitary Silence reign'd around.

He call'd aloud, when, lo! a Hag appears,
Bending beneath Deformity and Years,
Who ſaid, my Liege, explain your ſacred Will,
With Joy your Sov'reign Purpoſe I fulfil.
My Will! deteſted Wretch! avoid my Sight;
And hide that hideous Shape in endleſs Night.

What! does thy Queen, o'er-run with rude
Diſtruſt,
Reſolve by Force to keep a Huſband juſt?

You wrong, reply'd the Hag, your royal Wife,
Whoſe Care is Love, and Love to guard your Life.
The Race of Mortals are by Nature frail,
And ſtrong Temptations with the Beſt prevail.
Be that my Care, he ſaid, be thine to ſend
The Virgin Train, let them my Will attend.

The Beldam fled——— The chearful Nymphs advance,
And tread to meaſur'd Airs the mazy Dance;
The raptur'd Prince with greedy Eye ſurveys
The bloomy Maids, and covets ſtill to gaze;
No more recals the Image of his Spouſe,
How falſe is Man! nor recollects his Vows;
With wild Inconſtancy for all he burns,
And ev'ry Nymph ſubdues his Heart by turns.

At

At length a Maid ſuperior to the reſt,
Array'd in Smiles, in Virgin Beauty dreſt,
Receiv'd his Paſſion, and return'd his Love,
And ſoftly woo'd him to the ſilent Grove.

Enclos'd in deepeſt Shades of full-grown Wood,
Within the Grove a ſpacious Grotto ſtood,
Where forty Youths, in Marble, ſeem'd to mourn,
Each Youth reclining on a fun'ral Urn:
Thither the Nymph directs the Monarch's Way,
He treads her Footſteps, joyful to obey.
There, fir'd with Paſſion, claſp'd her to his Breaſt,
And thus the Tranſport of his Soul confeſs'd.

Delightful Beauty! deck'd with ev'ry Charm
High Fancy paints! or glowing Love can form!
I ſigh, I gaze, I tremble, I adore!
Such lovely Looks ne'er bleſt my Sight before!

Here,

Here, under covert of th' imbow'ring
Shade,
For Love's Delights and tender Tranſports
made,
No buſy Eye our Raptures to detect,
No envious Tongue to cenſure or direct;
Here yield to Love, and tenderly employ
The ſilent Seaſon in extatic Joy.

With Arms enclos'd, his Treaſure to
retain,
He ſigh'd and woo'd, but woo'd and ſigh'd
in vain:
She ruſh'd indignant from his fond Embrace,
While Rage with Bluſhes paints her Virgin
Face;
Yet ſtill he ſues with ſuppliant Hands and
Eyes,
While ſhe to Magic Charms for Vengeance
flies.

A limpid Fountain murmur'd thro' the
Cave;
She fill'd her Palm with the tranſlucent
Wave,

And

And ſprinkling cry'd, Receive falſe Man, in Time,
The juſt Reward of thy deteſted Crime.
Thy changeful Sex in Perfidy delight,
Deſpiſe Perfection, and fair Virtue ſlight,
Falſe, fickle, baſe, tyrannic, and unkind,
Whoſe Hearts, nor Vows can chain, nor Honour bind:
Mad to poſſeſs, by Paſſion blindly led;
And then as mad to ſtain the nuptial Bed:
Whoſe roving Souls no Excellence, no Age,
No Form, no Rank, no Beauty, can engage;
Slaves to the Bad, to the Deſerving worſt,
Sick of your twentieth Love, as of your firſt.
The Statues, which this hallow'd Grot adorn,
Like thee were Lovers, and like thee forſworn;
Whoſe faithleſs Hearts no Kindneſs could ſecure,
Nor for a Day preſerve their Paſſion pure;

Whom

Whom neither Love, nor Beauty could
restrain,
Nor Fear of endless Infamy and Pain.
In me behold thy Queen; for know with
Ease
We Deities assume each Form we please;
Nor can the feeble Ken of mortal Eyes
Perceive the Goddess thro' the dark Dis-
guise.
Now feel the Force of Heav'n's avenging
Hand,
And here inanimate for ever stand.

She spoke——Amaz'd the list'ning Mo-
narch stood,
And icy Horror froze his ebbing Blood;
Thick Shades of Death upon his Eyelids
creep,
And clos'd them fast in everlasting Sleep;
No Sense of Life, no Motion he retains;
But fix'd, a dreadful Monument remains;
A STATUE now, and if reviv'd once more,
Would prove, no doubt, as perjur'd as
before.

I doubt not but the World will expect to hear from me some of the Dean's Amours, as he has not quite escaped Censure, on account of his Gallantries; but here I am not able to oblige my Reader, he being too far advanced in Years, when I first had the honour of being known to him, for Amusements of that kind. I make no doubt but he has often been the Object of Love, and his *Cadenus* and *Vanessa* seem to assure us, that he was the Favourite of one Lady; but to speak my Sentiments, I really believe it was a Passion he was wholly unacquainted with, and which he would have thought it beneath the Dignity of his Wisdom to entertain. Not that I ever imagined he was an Enemy to the Fair; for when he found them docile, he took great pleasure to instruct them: And if I have any Merit, as a Writer, I must gratefully acknowledge it due to the pains he took to teach me to think and speak with Propriety; tho', to tell the Truth, he was a very rough sort of a Tutor for one of my Years and Sex; for whenever

I made uſe of an inelegant Phraſe, I was ſure of a deadly Pinch, and frequently received Chaſtiſement before I knew my Crime. However I am convinced, had he thought me incorrigibly dull, I ſhould have eſcaped without Correction; and the black and blue Favours I received at his Hands, were meant for Merit, tho' beſtowed on me. Yet tho', to my Shame I own it, I was fond of Admiration to a Fault, and a little too much upon the Coquette, for a married Woman, I would at any Time give up any Pleaſure or Gaity, for the more rationaln Etertainment of the Dean's Converſation.

Five Years rolled inſenſibly away in a Kind of tolerable Happineſs, as Lady *Townly* terms it; but that it ſeems, I was not much longer to enjoy: However, before I begin to ſpeak of Offence and Trouble, I ſhall endeavour to enliven my Narration with all the little amuſing Incidents I can poſſibly recollect.

The following Trifle, as it was productive of a handſome Letter to me from the Dean, and of more Honour than I could poſſibly

poſſibly expect from it, my Vanity will not let me omit. My Brother teized me one Evening to write ſome Verſe as a School Exerciſe for him, I aſked him what I ſhould write upon; Why, ſaid he pertly, what ſhould you write upon but the Paper? So taking it for my Subject, I wrote the following Lines.

O ſpotleſs Paper, fair and white!
On whom, by Force, conſtrain'd I write,
How cruel am I to deſtroy,
Thy Purity, to pleaſe a Boy?
Ungrateful I, thus to abuſe
The faireſt Servant of the Muſe.
Dear Friend, to whom I oft impart,
The choiceſt Secrets of my Heart;
Ah, what Atonement can be made
For ſpotleſs Innocence betray'd?
How fair, how lovely didſt thou ſhew,
Like lilly'd Banks, or falling Snow!
But now, alas, become my Prey,
No Floods can waſh thy Stains away.
Yet this ſmall Comfort I can give,
That which deſtroy'd, ſhall make thee live.

As the Lines did not suit my Brother's Purpose, they lay carelessly on the Table, when a Lady of Distinction, who was going to *England*, came to take her leave of us: She would examine what I had been scribbling, and seemed so well pleased with my Rhymes, that she did them the Honour to put them in her Pocket-Book, and I never thought more of them.

About four Years after this, making a Visit to Baron *Wainwright*'s Lady, she told me, she had got a very pretty Poem from *London*, wrote by the Lord Chancellor *Talbot*'s Daughter, a young Lady of but twelve Years of Age, and desired I would read them for the Good of the Company; but how great was my Surprize, to find they were the above Lines! however, I went through my Task, and Mrs. *Wainwright* asked my Opinion of them, and seemed impatient at my Silence. I told her, the young Lady must have wrote them at least four Years before, because I had seen them so long ago. Upon which the Baron said, that he also remembered them, and that he was told by the Person he saw them with,

that

that they were writ by a very young Girl, who was married to a Clergyman in *Ireland*. My ſmiling made them gueſs at the Perſon, and at the ſame Time excuſed me for being not over forward to praiſe them. When I returned home, I found a Letter from Mr. *P——n*, who was in *London*, with a News Paper incloſed, wherein the above Poem was printed. I related this to the Dean, who ordered me to ſend the Lines to him. The next Morning a Lady came to viſit me, who told me, it being the Dean's Birth-Day, he had received a Book very richly bound and claſped with Gold, from the Earl of *Orrery*, with a handſome Poem, wrote by himſelf to the Dean, in the firſt Page, the reſt being blank; and that Dr. *Delany* had ſent him a ſilver Standiſh, with a complimentary Poem. 'Why then, ſaid I, as the Dean 'is furniſhed with Paper and Ink, it is the 'leaſt I can do to ſend him a Pen;' ſo having a fine Eagle's Quill, I wrapt it into the following Lines, and ſent it to the Dean, and alſo the Bit of a News Paper,

wherein the Lines on PAPER were printed in *London*.

Sent with a QUILL *to Dr.* SWIFT, *upon hearing he had received a* BOOK *and a* STANDISH.

SHALL then my Kindred all my Glory claim,
And boldly rob me of eternal Fame?
To ev'ry Art my gen'rous Aid I lend,
To Muſic, Painting, Poetry, a Friend.
'Tis I celeſtial Harmony inſpire,
* When fix'd to ſtrike the ſweetly warbling Wire;
I to the faithful Canvas have conſign'd,
Each bright Idea of the Painter's Mind;
Behold from *Raphael*'s ſky-dipt Pencils riſe,
Such heav'nly Scenes as charm the Gazers Eyes.
O let me now aſpire to higher Praiſe!
Ambitious to tranſcribe your deathleſs Lays;

Nor

* Quills of the Harpſichord.

Nor thou, immortal Bard, my Aid refuse,
Accept me as the Servant of your Muse;
Then shall the World my wondrous Worth
declare,
And all Mankind your matchless Pen revere.

On *New-Year's-Day* I received from the Dean the following Letter.

Deanery-House, Jan. 1. 1733-4.

Madam,

'I Send you your Bit of a News-paper 'with the Verses, than which I never 'saw better in their Kind; I have the same 'Opinion of those you were pleased to write 'upon me, as have also some particular 'Friends of Genius and Taste, to whom I 'ventured to communicate them, who uni-'versally agree with me. But as I cannot 'with Decency shew them except to a very 'few, I hope, for both our Sakes, others 'will do it for me. I can only assure you 'I value your Present, as much as either 'of the others, only you must permit it to 'be turned into a Pen, which Office I will

'perform with my own Hand, and never 'permit any other to use it. I heartily 'wish you many happy New Years, and 'am with true Esteem,

Madam,

Your most obliged

Friend and Servant,

J. SWIFT.

But as I have mentioned Mr. *P——n*'s being in *London*, I ought also to inform my Reader what Inducement he had to quit his Family for a whole Year, which was as follows. Dr. *Swift* had, in Queen *Anne*'s Reign, been the first Promoter of Alderman *Barber*, who afterwards by many lucky Accidents rose to be Lord Mayor of *London*, which Station he filled with distinguished Abilities, and retained so grateful a Sense of the Dean's Favour to him, that he made him the Compliment of nominating a Chaplain to him; the Dean offered this Honour to Mr. *P——n*, who gladly accepted of it,

it, and came home in high Spirits to acquaint me with his Preferment; but whatever Joy it brought to him, I was quite sunk in Sorrow at the Thoughts of parting for so long a Time with one I so dearly loved. All his Friends were against his going; and the late Primate Dr. *Hoadly*, then Archbishop of *Dublin*, remonstrated to him, that serving under a Person so remarkably disaffected as the Alderman, might very probably prejudice him in the Eyes of the Government; but all in vain. Mr. *P——n* was ever rash, obstinate, and self-willed; and should I add treacherous, cruel, and ungrateful, I should not wrong the Truth; but however unwilling I am to speak harshly of the Husband of my Youth, and the Father of my Children, I must draw his Character, wherein I will

——— *Nothing extenuate,*
Nor set down aught in Malice. Othello.

That he is both a Scholar, and a Man of Genius, all who know him must allow; but like Mr. *Pope* he is so plagued with Envy,

that

that he even hated me because I could write, and took an invincible Aversion to Counsellor *Smith*, because he excelled him on the Harpsichord. It happened one Evening that this Gentleman sung and played to us the Oratorio of Queen *Esther*; unfortunately for me I was so charmed with it, that at the Conclusion of the Music I wrote the following Lines.

To JOHN SMITH, *Esq;*

MUSIC once more her antient Pow'r displays,
Resistless now, as in *Timotheus'* Days;
Our varied Passions change at thy Command
Our correspondent Hearts obey thy Hand.

Who can untouch'd attend the awful Sound?
When swelling Notes proclaim *Jehovah* crown'd.
Borne on the hallow'd Strains our Souls arise,
Till Heav'n seems present to our ravish'd Eyes.

When

When to its Source thy Soul ſhall wing its Flight,
And with eternal Harmony unite,
Thy ſkilful Hand ſhall heav'nly Joys improve,
And add new Rapture to the Bliſs above.

As the Lines were wrote off-hand, as, to ſay the Truth, every Thing of mine is, for I am too volatile to reviſe or correct any thing I write, Mr. *Smith* complimented Mr. *P——n* on having a Wife who could write better than himſelf, he ſuppoſing Mr. *P——n* to be ſo much the Lover, that he would be delighted with my Praiſe, and join in it. But, lack-a-day! he little knew what I was to ſuffer for the Superiority of Genius he was pleaſed to aſcribe to me. I then was continually told with a contemptuous jibing Air, O my Dear! a Lady of your Accompliſhments! why Mr. *Smith* ſays you write better than I; and to be ſure he is a great Judge! But another unlucky Accident likewiſe happened: How fatal to me has Praiſe been! We ſupped at the Dean's

Dean's, and I had been reading out, by his Command, some of his prosaic Work; he was pleased to say I acquitted myself so well, that I should have a Glass of his best Wine, and sent Mr. *P——n* to the Cellar for it. The Dean in the mean Time said to me, 'I would have every Man write 'his own *English*.' 'To be sure, Sir, said 'I, that would be best.' 'Ay, to be sure, 'Sir; you give me an Answer, and P——x 'take you, I am sure you do not under-'stand my Meaning.' 'Very possible, 'Sir; but I certainly understand my own, 'when I have any.' 'Well then, what do 'you understand by writing one's own *Eng-'lish?*' 'Why really, Sir, not to confine 'one's self to a Set of Phrases, as some of 'our antient *English* Historians, *Camden* in 'particular, seems to have done, but to 'make use of such Words as naturally oc-'cur on the Subject.' 'Hush! says he, 'your Husband is coming; I will put the 'same Question to him.' He did so; and Mr. *P——n* answered, 'To be sure a 'Man ought to write good *English*.' 'Nay, but his own *English*; I say his own; what

'what do you underſtand by that?' 'Why, Sir, ſaid he, what ſhould I underſtand?' 'P—x on you for a Dunce, 'ſaid he; were your Wife and you to ſit 'for a Fellowſhip, I would give her one 'ſooner than admit you a Sizar.'

And now my Buſineſs was compleatly done. Mr. *P———n* viewed me with ſcornful, yet with jealous Eyes. And tho' I never preſumed to vye with him for Preeminence, well knowing he not only ſurpaſſed me in natural Talents, but alſo had the Advantage of having thoſe Talents improved by Learning; and was ſenſible the Compliments I received were rather paid to me as a Woman, in whom any thing a Degree above Ignorance appears ſurprizing, than to any Merit I really poſſeſſed; he thought proper to inſult me every Moment. Indeed he did not beat me, which ſome of the good-natured Ladies have brought as an Argument that he was an excellent Huſband; but how a Clergyman ſhould ſtrike a Wife, who never contradicted him, and who was the moſt remarkably gentle, even of her own ſoft Sex, I know

know not. Beſides, I had then a dear and honoured Father to protect me. I am ſure I may ſay with *Ophelia*,

My Violets all wither'd when he dy'd.

Then was I left defenceleſs to all the Injuries my Huſband's ſubtle Cruelty could deviſe againſt open unſuſpecting Innocence.

Another trivial Accident alſo offended my Huſband. He was one Winter's Evening reading *Horace*, and ſaid he would engage to write an Ode exactly in his Manner; ſo he directly ſet about it. The Fancy came into my Head to write one alſo, though I underſtood not a Word of *Latin*, nor knew no more of the Poet than from the *Engliſh* Tranſlations. My Lines were as follow:

An ODE.

I Envy not the Proud their Wealth,
Their Equipage and State;
Give me but Innocence and Health,
I aſk not to be great.

I in this ſweet Retirement find
A Joy unknown to Kings,
For Scepters to a virtuous Mind,
Seem vain and empty Things.

Great *Cincinnatus* at his Plough,
With brighter Luſtre ſhone,
Than guilty *Cæſar* e'er cou'd ſhew,
Tho' ſeated on a Throne.

Tumultuous Days, and reſtleſs Nights,
Ambition ever knows,
A Stranger to the calm Delights
Of Study and Repoſe.

Then free from Envy, Care, and Strife,
Keep me, ye Powers divine;
And pleas'd, when ye demand my Life,
May I that Life reſign.

As I had finiſhed my Taſk firſt, I ſhewed it to Mr. *P——n*, who, contrary to my Expectation, (for I imagined he would be pleaſed) was very angry, and told me the Dean had made me mad, that the Lines were Nonſenſe, and that a Needle became

a Woman's Hand better than a Pen and Ink. So to bring him into Temper I praiſed his Ode highly, and threw my own into the Fire. And here let me ſeriouſly adviſe every Lady, who has the Misfortune to be poetically turned, never to marry a Poet, but remember *Swift*'s Lines:

What Poet wou'd not grieve to ſee
His Friends cou'd write as well as he;
And rather than be thus out-done,
He'd hang them every Mother's Son.

Her End when Emulation miſſes,
She turns to Envy, Stings and Hiſſes;
The ſtrongeſt Friendſhip yields to Pride,
Unleſs the Odds be on our Side.

And if a Man cannot bear his Friend ſhould write, much leſs can he endure it in his Wife; it ſeems to ſet them too much upon a Level with their Lords and Maſters; and this I take to be the true Reaſon why even Men of Senſe diſcountenance Learning in Women, and commonly chuſe for Mates the moſt illiterate and ſtupid of the Sex; and then

then bleſs their Stars their Wife is not a Wit.

But if a Remark be true, which I have ſomewhere read, that *a fooliſh Woman never brought forth a wiſe Son*, I think the Gentlemen ſhould have ſome Regard to the Intellects of thoſe they eſpouſe.

But to return from this long tho' neceſſary Digreſſion, and take things a little more in their Order. Mr. *P———n*, contrary to every body's Advice, who had any Regard for him, went for *England*. I was very deſirous of going with him; but he told me plainly he did not want ſuch an Incumbrance as a Wife, and that he did not intend to paſs there for a married Man; and that in ſhort he could not taſte any Pleaſure where I was. As this was a Secret I did not know before, I received it with Aſtoniſhment; for amidſt all his *wayward Moods*, I ever imagined till then that he loved me, and that the many ill-natured Speeches he made me were rather the Effect of a bad Temper, than any ſettled Averſion he had taken againſt me; eſpecially as I obſerved he treated every body with Con-

tempt, even Perſons every Way ſuperior to him (the Dean alone excepted, to whom he paid even a ſervile Complaiſance.) And tho' he now fairly plucked off the Maſk, and let me ſee my Miſtake, I could hardly give him Credit; ſo unwilling are we to believe Truth, when it runs counter to our Wiſhes.

The next Day he went on board the Yacht in Company with Mr. *Edward Walpole*, to whom he was recommended by a Man of Quality ſince dead, and left me and my three Children almoſt without an Adieu: So eagerly did he ſeek his own Deſtruction.

I am hardly able to deſcribe the various Emotions with which my Heart was agitated on his Departure. Love, Grief, and Reſentment for his laſt Speech, by Turns poſſeſſed it. However, I received a very kind Letter from him from *Cheſter*, which made me a little eaſy; and as my Friends ſeldom permitted me to be alone, I did not give much way to Melancholy.

I believe it will be expected from the general Reflections I have thrown out againſt the Clergy, that I ſhould deſcend to Parti-

Particulars, and expose by Name the Guilty; but this invidious Task I must decline: Besides, as *Angelo* says in *Measure for Measure*, when he is tempting a Virgin, and she threatens to expose him;

Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unsoil'd Name, th' Austereness of my Life,
My Interest in the State, may vouch against you,
That you shall stifle in your own Report,
And smell of Calumny.

Besides, I should arm a formidable Body against me, who would not fail, sooner or later, to take ample Vengeance. *As unforgiving as a Churchman*, is become proverbial; so, as I am a Sort of a Priestess, I will, like a faithful Mother Confessor, keep the Secrets of my ghostly Brethren.

I have another Inducement to Silence, not I must own quite so good-natured, which is, that I have a malignant Pleasure in keeping those in Awe, who awe all the World beside, which I should lose the Mo-

ment I had done my worſt. I remember a certain Gentleman, who happening to be guilty of a venial Tranſgreſſion with a mean Woman, it unluckily manifeſted itſelf: The Gentleman was young, and had a very ſevere Father, who gave him but a ſcanty Allowance, all of which did not ſatisfy the mercenary Wretch of a Woman, who hoping to gain more, went and told her Story to his Father; the Conſequence of which was, that ſhe never afterwards had a Shilling from either.

The dulleſt Genius cannot fail,
To take the Moral of the Tale.

So let the ſtricken Deer go weep,
The Hart ungall'd go play.

The Innocent cannot take Offence, and for the Guilty, I will for the preſent with the charitable Ghoſt in *Hamlet*,

Leave them to Heav'n,
And to the Thorn that in their Boſoms lodge,
To prick and goad them there.

But

But once more to gather up my Clue. I received so passionately tender a Letter from *London* from Mr. *P——n*, that I quite forgot all his Unkindness; and sitting down to answer it, without the least Intention of Rhyming, the following Lines flowed from my Pen:

These Lines, dear Partner of my Life,
Come from a tender faithful Wife;
Happy, when you her Thoughts approve,
Supremely happy in your Love:
O may the blissful Flame endure!
Uninjur'd, lasting, bright, and pure.
Thus far in Verse, but can the Muse
Descend so low as telling News?
Or can I easily in Rhime
Inform you how I pass my Time?

To sooth my Woe, and banish Care,
I to the Theatre repair,
Where, charm'd with *Shakespear*'s lofty Scenes,
And pure inimitable Strains,

My

My Rapture rais'd so high appears,
It seeks to hide itself in Tears.

On *Tuesday* last all Day I stray'd
In *Delville*'s sweet inspiring Shade;
There all was easy, gay, polite,
The Weather and the Guests were bright:
My lov'd *Constantia* there appear'd,
And *Southern* long for Wit rever'd,
Who like the hoary *Pylian* Sage,
Excels in Wisdom, as in Age.
'Tis thus your Absence I beguile,
And try to make Misfortune smile;
But never can my constant Mind
A real Pleasure hope or find,
Till Heav'n indulgently once more
My *Colin* to my Eyes restore.

P. S.

Permit me here e'er I conclude
To pay a Debt of Gratitude;
To *Worsdale*, your ingenious Friend,
My Praises, and my Thanks commend;

Yet

Yet all are far beneath his Due,
Who ſends me * what reſembles you.

The Dean had given Mr. *P——n* Letters of Recommendation to ſeveral eminent Perſons in *England*, and amongſt the reſt, one to Mr. *Pope*; who, no ſooner received it, but he invited Mr. *P——n* to paſs a Fortnight with him at *Twickenham*, he not being yet entered on his Office of Chaplain. I received from him from thence a Letter filled with Mr. *Pope*'s Praiſes, and the extraordinary Regard he ſhewed him, introducing him to ſeveral Noblemen, and even oppreſſing him with Civilities, which he modeſtly attributed to Mr. *Pope*'s Reſpect for the Dean, and handſomely acknowledged the Obligation. As I thought this a very proper Letter to communicate, I went directly with it to the Deanery. The Dean read it over with a fix'd Attention, and returning it to me, he told me, he had, by the ſame Pacquet, received a Letter from Mr. *Pope*, which, with ſomewhat of a ſtern Brow, he put into my Hand, and walked

tuo,

* My Huſband's Picture.

out into the Garden. I was so startled at his Austerity, that I was for some Minutes unable to open it, and when I did, the Contents greatly astonished me. The Substance of it was, that he had, in pure Complaisance to the Dean, entertained Mr. *P——n*; but that he was surprised he should be so mistaken, to recommend him as a modest ingenious Man, who was a most forward, shallow, conceited Fellow: That in the Hope of having an agreeable Companion, he had invited him to pass a Fortnight with him, which he heartily repented, being sick of his Impertinence, before the End of the third Day; and a great deal more, much to the same Purpose. By the time I had read it thro', the Dean returned, and asked me, what I thought of it? I told him, I was sure Mr. *P——n* did not deserve the Character Mr. *Pope* had given of him; and that he was highly ungenerous to caress and abuse him at the same time. Upon this the Dean lost all Patience, and flew into such a Rage, that he quite terrified me; he asked me, Why I did not swear that my Husband was six Foot high? And, Did I think

think myself a better Judge than Mr. *Pope?* or, Did I presume to give him the Lie? and a thousand other Extravagancies. As I durst not venture to speak a Word more, my Heart swelled so that I burst into Tears, which, he attributing to Pride and Resentment, made him, if possible, ten times more angry, and I am not sure he would not have beat me; but that, fortunately for me, a Gentleman came to visit him. As I was in a violent Passion of Tears, the Dean did not bring him into the Room where I was, but went to receive him in another, and I gladly laid hold of that opportunity of making my escape from his Wrath.

The next Morning early I wrote him a Letter, expressive of the Anxiety I was under, lest I had any way offended him; and assured him, which was Truth, my Tears did not flow from Pride, but from the Apprehension I had, that Mr. *Pope* might influence him to withdraw his Favour from us. I added on my own Part, that even if I was partial to Mr. *P——n*, I hoped it was the most pardonable Error a Wife could be guilty of; and concluded with begging, if he

he had any Regard for my Peace, he would honour me with an Anſwer. By the Return of the Meſſenger I received the following Lines:

Madam,

'YOU muſt ſhake off the Leavings of your Sex. If you cannot keep a Secret, and take a Chiding, you will quickly be out of my Sphere. Corrigible People are to be chid; thoſe who are otherwiſe, may be very ſafe from any Lectures of mine: I ſhould rather chuſe to indulge them in their Follies, than attempt to ſet them right. I deſire you may not inform your Huſband of what has paſſed, for a Reaſon I ſhall give you when I ſee you, which may be this Evening, if you will. I am very ſincerely,

Your Friend,

J. SWIFT.

Accordingly

Accordingly I waited on the Dean about five o'Clock in the Evening, an Hour I knew he would be free from Company. He received me with great Kindneſs, and told me, he would write a Letter of Advice to Mr. *P——n*; 'But, ſaid he, ſhould 'you acquaint him with this Letter of 'Pope's, he might, perhaps, reſent it to 'him, and make him an Enemy.' How kind! how conſiderate was this! The Dean then ſhewed me the Poem he wrote on his own Death; when I came to that Part of it,

Behold the fatal Day arrive!
How is the Dean? He's juſt alive.

I was ſo ſenſibly affected, that my Eyes filled with Tears: The Dean obſerving it, ſaid, 'Phoo, I am not dead yet——but 'you ſhall not read any more now.' I then earneſtly requeſted he would let me take it home with me, which he did on certain Conditions, which were, that I ſhould neither ſhew it to any body, nor copy it, and that I ſhould ſend it to him

by Eight o'Clock the next Morning; all which I punctually performed.

But the Dean did not know what sort of a Memory I had, when he intrusted me with his Verse: I had no occasion for any other Copy, than what I had registred in the *Book and Volume of my Brain:* I could repeat the whole Poem, and could not forbear delighting some particular Friends with a Rehearsal of it. This reached the Dean's Ear, who imagined I plaid him false, and sent for me to come to him. When I entered, he told me, I had broke my Word with him, and consequently forfeited all the good Opinion he had ever conceived of me. I looked, as I think he generally made me do, like a Fool; I asked what I had done? He told me, I had copied his Poem, and shewn it round the Town. I assured him, I had not. He said I lyed, and produced a Poem something like it, published in *London*, and told me, from reading it about, that odd Burlesque on it had taken rise. He bade me read it aloud. I did so, and could not forbear laughing, as I plainly perceived, tho'

tho' he had endeavoured to disguise his Stile, that the Dean had burlesqued himself; and made no manner of scruple to tell him so. He pretended to be very angry, asked me, did I ever know him write Triplets? and told me, I had neither Taste nor Judgment, and knew no more of Poetry than a Horse. I told him I would confess it, provided he would seriously give me his Word, he did not write that Poem. He said, P--x take me for a Dunce. I then assured him, I did not copy his Poem; but added, when I read any thing peculiarly charming, I never forgot it; and that I could repeat not only all his Works, but all *Shakespear*'s, which I put to this Trial; I desired him to open any Part of it, and read a Line, and I would engage to go on with the whole Speech; as we were in his Library, he directly made the Experiment: The Line he first gave me, he had purposely picked out for its singular Oddness:

But rancours in the Vessel of my Peace.

Macbeth.

I readily went on with the whole Speech, and did so several times, that he tried me with different Plays. The Dean then took down *Hudibras*, and ordered me to examine him in it, as he had done me in *Shakespear*; and, to my great Surprize, I found he remembered every Line, from Beginning to End of it. I say, it surprized me, because I had been misled by Mr. *Pope*'s Remark,

That where Beams of warm Imagination play,
The Memory's soft Figures melt away.
Essay on Criticism.

To think Wit and Memory incompatible things. I told the Dean he had convinced me the old Proverb was false; and, indeed, I know not how any Person can be witty without a good Memory. When I returned home, I found I had not been mistaken in the Opinion I had conceived, that the Dean had burlesqued his own Poem. I had a Confirmation of it in a Letter from Mr. *P———n*, to whom he had sent it, to have it printed in *London*.

My

My Evening's Chat with the Dean furniſhed me with Matter of Speculation on that moſt amazing Faculty of the human Mind, Memory; which, according to my uſual Cuſtom, I threw into Rhime, and hope it will not be diſpleaſing to my Reader.

MEMORY, a POEM.

IN what Receſſes of the Brain,
Does this amazing Pow'r remain,
By which all Knowledge we attain?

What art thou, Memory? What Tongue can tell,
What curious Artiſt trace thy hidden Cell,
Wherein ten thouſand diff'rent Objects dwell?

Surpriſing Store-houſe! in whoſe narrow Womb,
All Things, the paſt, the preſent, and to come,
Find ample Space, and large and mighty Room.

O falsely deem'd the Foe of sacred Wit!
Thou, who the Nurse and Guardian art of it,
Laying it up till Season due and fit.

Then proud the wond'rous Treasure to produce,
As Understanding points it, to conduce
Either to Entertainment, or to Use.

Nor Love, nor holy Friendship, without thee,
Could ever of the least Duration be;
Nor Gratitude, nor Truth, nor Piety.

Where thou art not, the chearless human Mind
Is one vast Void, all darksome, sad and blind;
No Trace of any thing remains behind.

The sacred Stores of Learning all are thine;
'Tis only thou record'st the faithful Line;
'Tis thou mak'st Human-kind almost divine.

And

And when at length we quit this mortal
Scene,
Thou ſtill ſhalt with our tender Friends
remain,
And Time and Death ſhall ſtrike at thee
in vain.

Lord, let me ſo this wond'rous Gift em-
ploy;
It may a Fountain be of endleſs Joy,
Which Time, nor Accident, may ne'er
deſtroy.

Still let my faithful Memory impart,
And deep engrave it on my grateful Heart,
How juſt, and good, and excellent thou
art.

My Reader may now plainly perceive, I was moſt incorrigibly devoted to Verſifying, and all my Spouſe's wholeſome Admonitions had no manner of Effect on me: In ſhort, I believe this ſcribbling Itch is an incurable Diſeaſe; for tho' *Horace* ſays *, taking ſome Phyſic in the Spring rid him of

* See his Art of Poetry.

of it, yet, as he even relates this in flowing Numbers, we have no Cauſe to give him Credit. He alſo declares, all Poets are viſibly poſſeſſed, and mad. *Shakeſpear* ſeems to be of the ſame opinion, tho' he deſcribes it with greater Elegance than even *Horace* has done, at leaſt in the Tranſlation.

The Poet's Eye, in a fine Frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from Heav'n to Earth, from
Earth to Heav'n;
And as Imagination bodies forth
The Forms of Things unknown, the Poet's
Pen
Turns them to Shapes, and gives to airy
Nothing
A local Habitation and a Name.

The Truth of which he has fully verified, giving us in his divine Works a new Creation of his own, with a new Language alſo peculiar to the different Species and Orders of Beings he introduces to us. *Milton* had, ſtudied him with Care, and, like the Bee, committed many ſweet Thefts on his immortal Blooms. Whoever reads the Part

of

of the Fairies in the *Midſummer Night's Dream*, may eaſily perceive how many beautiful Images *Milton* has borrowed thence to adorn his Maſque of *Comus*. And really, I think, as *Shakeſpear* had plundered all Art and Nature, the viſible and inviſible World, it was but juſt to make Reprizals, and ſteal from his rich Store.

I hope my Reader will pardon me for ſo often running away from *myſelf*; I cannot ſay, I am *Egotiſt* enough to be much enamoured of ſuch an unhappy Theme, and have often wiſhed I could do it in reality; for I have been plunged in ſuch Calamity, that I have even thought it impoſſible to be true, and vainly hoped to wake, as from ſome hideous Dream, to find a better Fate.

And as one travelling in a barren Waſte, could not be diſpleaſed to be ſometimes led out of the direct Road to view a more agreeable Proſpect, I deal thus with my Readers, and turn them from the gloomy Vale of my Life, to relieve them with ſomething more pleaſing.

To

To amuſe myſelf, and indeed with no other View, I wrote, in my Huſband's Abſence, all the following Poems; which, if they ſhould not happen alſo to amuſe my Readers, they are at their own Liberty, and may turn them over.

Advice to the People of Dublin *in their Choice of a* RECORDER.

IS there a Man, whoſe fix'd and ſteady Soul
No Flatt'ry can ſeduce, no Fear control;
Conſtant to Virtue, reſolutely juſt,
True to his Friend, his Country, and his Truſt:
Like *Tully*, Guardian of the *Roman* State,
Is Patriot, Lawyer, Orator compleat;
If ſuch there be, O! let your noble Zeal
Advance him to defend the Public Weal.

Painters and Poets are in this alike,
Mean Artiſts oft a ſtrong Reſemblance ſtrike;
And who can this unfiniſh'd Picture ſee,
But owns, O STANNARD! it was drawn for thee.

VERSES

VERSES *wrote in a* LIBRARY.

SEAT for Contemplation fit,
Sacred Nurſery of Wit!
Let me here enwrap'd in Pleaſure,
Taſte the Sweets of learned Leiſure:
Vain, deceitful World, adieu;
I more ſolid Bliſs purſue.

Faithful Friends, ſurround me here,
Wiſe, delightful, and ſincere;
Friends, who never yet betray'd
Thoſe who truſted in their Aid;
Friends, who ne'er were known to ſhun
Thoſe by adverſe Fate undone.

Calm Philoſophy and Truth
Crown'd with undecaying Youth,
Glowing with celeſtial Charms,
Fondly woo me to their Arms.
Here immortal Bards diſpenſe
Poliſh'd Numbers, nervous Senſe;
While the juſt Hiſtorian's Page
Back recals the diſtant Age;
In whoſe Paintings we behold
All the wond'rous Men of old;

Heroes

Heroes fill each finish'd Piece,
Once the Pride of *Rome* and *Greece*.

Nor shall *Greece* and *Rome* alone,
Boast the Virtues all their own;
Thou, *Ierne*, too shalt claim
Sons amongst the Heirs of Fame;
Patriots who undaunted stood,
To defend the public good;
Foremost in the sacred Line,
Ever shall the DRAPER shine:
Next be virtuous STANNARD plac'd,
With unfading Honours grac'd;
Godlike Men! accept my Praise,
Guard, and elevate, my Lays.

Learning can the Soul refine,
Raise from human to divine.
Come then, all ye sacred Dead,
Who for Virtue wrote or bled;
On my Mind intensely beam,
Touch it with your hallow'd Flame.
And thou chaste and lovely Muse,
Who didst once thy Dwelling chuse
In *Orinda*'s spotless Breast,
Condescend to be my Guest;

Bring

Bring with thee the bloomy Pair,
Young-ey'd Health, and Virtue fair;
Here your pureſt Rays impart,
So direct and guard my Heart,
That it may a Temple be
Worthy Heav'n, and worthy thee.

FLAVIA's *Birth-Day*, May *the* 16*th*.

To Miſs HOADLY.

WHILST thy fond Friends their annual Tribute pay,
And hail thee Daughter of the fragrant *May*;
Whilſt they behold, with Rapture and Surprize,
New Charms enrich thy Soul, and point thine Eyes.
Ah! let the Muſe her ſecret Joy declare;
Attend her Tranſports, and her Words revere:
She looks on Time, and with prophetic Eyes,
Sees him, for thee, ſtrew Bleſſings as he flies;

And, whilſt all other Beauties he impairs,
Add new Perfection to thy ripen'd Years;
Till ev'ry Year, improv'd with ev'ry Grace,
You ſhine unrival'd both in Mind and Face.

So the ſame Sun, with unreſiſted Pow'r,
Burns the wide Lawn, and animates the Flow'r;
Bids it unfold its Beauties, and delight
With Sweets the Senſe, with ſunny Dyes the Sight;
Bids it, like you, each Hour new Grace aſſume,
And ſmile, unmatch'd, in Lovelineſs and Bloom.

An Invitation to a Gentleman.

A Female, moderately fair,
Pleas'd with your Spirit, Wit and Air,
To me aſſigns the pleaſing Taſk,
Your Company to-night to aſk:
She has prepar'd a Feaſt refin'd,
A ſacred Banquet for the Mind;
And you ſhall ſup in ſolemn State,
Whilſt round the tuneful Sifters wait;

Who,

Who, if you wiſh for Drink, ſhall bring
You Water from *Picria*'s Spring;
More elevating than Champaigne,
And far more apt to heat the Brain.
Pindar, who wrote in antient Days,
Has celebrated Water's Praiſe;
But if, with *Flaccus*, you encline,
To like the Product of the Vine,
And chuſe a more ſubſtantial Feaſt,
She'll do her beſt to hit your Taſte.

SOLITUDE.

THE Sun had ſunk his glitt'ring Head
In the fair Ocean's wat'ry Bed,
And Ev'ning came, that ſooth'd the Pain
Of ev'ry toil-enduring Swain,
When faint from Noon's exceſſive Heat,
I ſought a peaceful cool Retreat;
A deep impenetrable Shade,
Where not a Sun-beam ever ſtray'd.

O ſacred Solitude, ſaid I,
To thy calm Boſom let me fly;
O bleſs with thy ſeraphic Joys,
A Soul averſe to Pomp and Noiſe;

Wisdom with Contemplation dwells,
In twilight Groves, and lonely Cells;
She flies the Proud, she shuns the Great,
Unknown to Grandeur, Wealth, and State.
Hail, Heav'n-born Virgin! deign to bless,
This sacred, silent, sweet Recess;
Give me, celestial Maid, to know
The Joys that from thy Presence flow;
Do thou instruct my Voice to sing
That God, from whom thou first did'st spring,
That God, at whose Almighty Call
From Nothing rose this beauteous All.
Then when the Morning Stars proclaim,
The Glory of *Jehovah*'s Name,
When Praises ev'ry Tongue employ,
And Men and Angels shout for Joy,
Assist me with thy Aid divine,
In those blest Hymns my Voice to join.

To STREPHON, *written for a Lady to her Lover.*

BEHOLD the Spring in fresh Attire,
Gay blooming Season of Desire,
With fragrant Breath salutes the Grove,
Awaking Nature, Joy and Love;

The

The Woods in verdant Beauty dreſs'd,
Have her enliv'ning Pow'r confeſs'd,
What means this Coldneſs in your Breaſt?
Not all the kindly Warmth in mine,
Can thaw that frozen Heart of thine.
Go then, Inconſtant, go, and rove,
Forget thy Vows, neglect thy Love;
Some ſenſeleſs, taſteleſs, Girl purſue,
Bought Smiles befit ſuch Swains as you;
While for the worſt I ſee you change,
You give me a complete Revenge.

A SONG.

STREPHON, your Breach of Faith and Truſt
Affords me no Surprize;
A Man who grateful was or juſt,
Might make my Wonder riſe.

That Heart to you ſo fondly ty'd
With Pleaſure wore its Chain,
But from your cold neglectful Pride,
Found Liberty again.

For this no Wrath inflames my Mind,
My Thanks are due to thee;
Such Thanks as gen'rous Victors find,
Who set their Captives free.

To a very young Lady.

THY Genius, Beauty, Innocence command
This humble Tribute from the Muse's Hand;
A faithful Muse, who hears with secret Joy,
Thy early Virtues ev'ry Tongue employ.

O still thy Parents godlike Steps pursue,
Still keep their mutual Excellence in View;
So shall the wond'ring World with Transport see
All Virtue, all Perfection live in thee.

Queen MAB *to* POLLIO.

THE Queen of the Fairies this Summons does send,
To *Pollio*, her Counsellor, Cousin, and Friend;

We

We order you here to attend us to-night,
We revel by Moon-light with Pomp and
Delight!
Our Grove we illuminate, glorious to ſee,
With glittering Glow-worms begemming
each Tree;
We'll drink up the Dew that impearls the
Flow'rs,
And in circling Joys ſpend our circling
Hours.
If you fail in Attendance, by my Sceptre I
ſwear,
My Fairies ſhall bring you by Force through
the Air.

But however reluctantly I do it, I muſt return.

The following Ode of *Horace* bearing ſome Similitude to my then preſent Circumſtances, I took the Liberty of paraphraſing, and ſent it to my Huſband, notwithſtanding his former Lectures.

The

The Seventh Ode of the Third Book of HORACE *paraphrased.*

Quid fles, Asterie?

ASTERIA, why will you consume
In Sighs and Tears your rosy Bloom?
No more your youthful Husband mourn,
He soon shall to your Arms return:
Propitious Winds shall waft him o'er,
Enrich'd from *Britain*'s fruitful Shore.
In vain the Nymphs display their Charms,
To win him to their longing Arms:
Tho' strong Temptations court the Youth,
Doubt not his Constancy and Truth;
They fix'd as Rocks unmov'd remain,
While Winds and Waves assault in vain.

You only teach his Soul to know
The secret Pang, the tender Woe;
For you he feels a thousand Fears,
And oft bedews his Couch with Tears.

Ah! then in kind Return beware,
Lest tempting Words your Heart ensnare;
Avoid

Avoid the Dusk and silent Shade,
Nor heed the plaintive Serenade:
Let Prudence, that unerring Guide,
O'er ev'ry Thought and Act preside;
So shall your Faith and Virtue prove
Worthy his matchless Truth and Love.

Mr. *P——n*, who loved me best at a Distance, wrote me a very kind Letter, wherein he told me my Verses were like myself, full of Elegance and Beauty; that Mr. *Pope* and others, whom he had shewn them to, longed to see the Writer; and that he heartily wished me in *London*. And this put the Fancy into my Head of going there; and as some of my Acquaintance intended for it, with whom I thought I could agreeably travel, I soon resolved to accompany them.

Mr. *P———n* had been absent nine Months; a tedious Time in a Lover's Reckoning. In three Months Time his Office expired; for every new Lord Mayor of *London* has a new Chaplain; so I thought I should have the Pleasure of passing the Winter in *London*, and then, if nothing better

ter offered, we ſhould return home together. *London* has very attractive Charms for moſt People, as our *Iriſh* Nobility and Gentry ſufficiently evidence, by ſpending the greateſt Part of their Time and Fortune there; and can it be wondered at, that a young lively Woman ſhould be fond of taking the only Opportunity ſhe might ever have of ſeeing its Magnificence in Perfection. Well! but how to execute my Project; for I was apprehenſive if either my own Parents or Mr. *P*———*n*'s were acquainted with it, they would prevent me; ſo I reſolved to make but one Confidante, which was a very faithful Servant, who in the Evening put my Portmanteau aboard the Yacht. Next Morning, the Wind being fair, I went, under Pretence of ſeeing my Friends ſafe aboard, down the River with them, and into the Ship as it were out of Curioſity; but being then out of Danger of Purſuit, I told them my Intention, which ſome approved of, and ſome blamed. However, as I did not queſtion a kind Reception from my Huſband, and knew my Children would be well taken care of by my Parents,

Parents, I was very chearful and eaſy, and little regarded what was thought of my Frolick; neither could I divine that any evil Conſtruction would be put upon it.

We had a very ſafe Paſſage, and a pleaſant Journey. I wrote to Mr. *P——n* from *Parkgate*, and he and Mr. *W——e* met me about four Miles Diſtance from *London*. So I took leave of my Fellow-Travellers for the preſent, and went into the Coach to them, which drove to Mr. *W——le*'s. Mr. *P——n* received me very obligingly, and called me his little Fugitive and Run-away; but a Stranger would have thought Mr. *W——le* was my Huſband, he welcomed me ſo kindly, and paid me ſo many Compliments. As I had been up at three o'Clock in the Morning, I was heartily fatigued, and deſired Mr. *P——n* to take leave; but he whiſpered me to invite Mr. *W——le* home to Supper with us, which accordingly I did; and he was ſo tranſported with this Civility, he could not conceal his Joy; whatever I commended amongſt his Paintings, he would force me to accept of; and putting as many Bottles

of

of Wine into the Coach-Box as it would conveniently hold, we went to Mr. *P——n*'s Lodging, which I found very handsome and convenient. Wine and good Chear entertained us till Midnight to our mutual Satisfactions.

When Mr. *P——n* and I were alone, he told me, that tho' he was very glad to see me, he was afraid I would have but a lonely Time of it in *London*, he being obliged to attend on the Lord Mayor, from Nine in the Morning till Six in the Evening, and from thence he always went to the Play, and afterwards to Supper to Mrs. *Heron*, one of the Actresses, of no very good Fame. Though I thought this but an odd Manner of Life for a Clergyman, I did not say so, being unwilling to offend him. I had heard it whispered, that he liked this Woman, but I resolved patiently to wait the Event.

The next Day, when he was going out, I put him in Mind that Mr. *W——le* said he would pass the Evening with us; but he laughed at my believing it; and said he was a Man so uncertain in his Temper, that perhaps

haps I might never see him again while I lived. Just then a Lady who came over with me, called on us; and Mr. *P——n* and she had some private Chat. When she was gone he told me, she had brought him a Letter and some Poetry from the Dean, which he had ordered him to dispose of, and put the Money in his own Pocket; as he could not stay to read them, he took them with him to the Lord Mayor's.

However, Mr. *P——n* was mistaken in imagining Mr. *W——d* would fail in his Appointment; he came and told me Mr. *P——n* was at the Play, but would sup with us. He made use of his Absence to compliment me at an unmerciful Rate, and sung me all the tendereſt Love Songs he could think of in the most pathetic Manner: In short, he exerted his Talents to entertain me, and behaved himself so much in the Stile of a Lover, that had I not been married, I should have imagined, he intended to address me. When Mr. *P——n* returned, he told him, he was certainly the happiest Man living, and wondered how he could be a Moment out of

my Company, where he could ſtay for ever. Mr. *P——n* ſeemed much pleaſed with his Gallantry, and ſaid, he hoped I would induce him to ſee us often. When we were alone, he told me, he believed his Friend was in love with me. I anſwered, if he thought ſo, I wondered he gave him ſo warm an Invitation. He ſaid, he was a very generous Man, and that his liking to me, if well managed, might prove very profitable; for he valued no Expence where a Lady was in the Caſe. So, it ſeems, I was to be the Bait, wherewith he was to angle for Gold out of a Rival's Pocket: A Scheme which had a twofold Proſpect of Gain annexed to it; for while a Lover has Hope, he ſeldom quits the Chace; and will even thank the Huſband, for taking the friendly Freedom of uſing his Purſe; and yet ſhould the Gallant be detected in taking any friendly Freedoms with the Wife in return, the Law is all againſt him, Damages and Impriſonment muſt enſue. Which Conſideration may ſerve as a Warning to all Men, not to invade Properties, or commit wilful Treſpaſs on their Neighbour's Ground.

If

If my Readers are by this Time the leaſt acquainted with my Spirit, they may judge, I looked on this Project with the Contempt it deſerved; however I promiſed Complaiſance, which indeed Mr. *W——le*'s ſeeming Merits might well deſerve. The next Day I was invited to the Lord Mayor's, who, on account of the reſolute Oppoſition he had given to the Exciſe Act, was the Darling of the People. He was but indifferent as to his Perſon, or rather homely than otherwiſe; but he had an excellent Underſtanding, and the Livelineſs of his Genius ſhone in his Eyes, which were very black and ſparkling. He always treated me with great Complaiſance, and gave me a general Invitation to his Table. As the Lord Mayor was a Batchelor, he had a Gentlewoman who managed his Houſhold Affairs, and who, except on public Days, did the Honours of his Table. Mr. *P——n* told me ſhe was violently in love with him, and was ready to run mad upon hearing I was come to *London*. How true this might be I know not; but as ſhe was very civil to me, and was old enough to

be my Mother, I was not the leaſt diſturbed with Jealouſy on her own Account; tho' I can't help ſaying, ſhe gave me a great deal of Uneaſineſs, by relating to me many Inſtances of my Huſband's extraordinary Regard for the Player afore-mentioned: We went together to the Play on Purpoſe to ſee her; and to do her Juſtice, ſhe was a graceful, fine Woman; at leaſt ſhe appeared ſuch on the Stage, and had a peculiar Skill in dreſſing to Advantage. Mr. *P——n* and Mr. *W——le* were at the Play; they met us going out, and Mr. *P——n* committed me to the Care of his Friend, who had a Coach waiting to convey me home; but Mr. *P——n* went to his old Rendezvous to the Actreſs, to my very great Mortification; becauſe I really preferred his Converſation to any other in the World: However, he was ſo complaiſant, he uſed every Evening to ſend Mr. *W—— le* to keep me Company, while he purſued his Pleaſures; and, as I ſhall anſwer it to Heaven, he did every thing in his power to forward and encourage an Amour between his Friend and me.

One

One Inſtance, out of an hundred I could produce, I ſubmit to the impartial Judgment of my Reader. One of the young Ladies, at whoſe Houſe I firſt ſaw Mr. *P——n*, happening to be in *London*, and but in low Circumſtances, came to viſit me; ſhe inſiſted on my paſſing the next Evening with her, and juſt as I was going Mr. *W——le* came in, and offered to accompany me, to which I gladly conſented, hoping as he was then a Man of Intereſt, he might recommend her to ſome good Family, as a Governeſs to Children, or a Lady's Woman, when he knew how well qualified ſhe was for either Place. As her Spirit was far above her Ability, I was concerned to ſee what Expence ſhe had put herſelf to for my Reception, having provided a very genteel Supper, to which ſhe would oblige us to ſtay. While ſhe was giving Orders for it, I informed Mr. *W——le* of her Diſtreſs, who immediately gave me a Guinea for her, but entreated I would give it to her as Preſent from my ſelf, which, as I knew it was the only Method to make her accept of it, I did.

When I came home, I related to Mr. *P——n* Mr. *W——le*'s obliging and generous Behaviour; but little was he pleased with the Recital: What could I think of him, when he told me, I did very ill to introduce a new Woman to him, *i. e.* Mr. *W——le*; and that he hoped I would lose him; and that henceforth he would bestow his Favours on her? A Speech more proper for the Mouth of one of those abandoned Wretches, who live by the Sale of the Innocent, than for a Husband, a Gentleman, and one who ought to be a Christian. But I believe he was of Opinion that

Let the malicious World say what it please,
The fair Wife makes her Husband live at ease.

And, provided he sold me well, and *put Money in his Purse*, little regarded either my temporal or eternal Happiness.

Another Instance either of his extraordinary Confidence in my Fidelity to him, or, rather Indifference about it, was, that he

he obliged me to go alone with his Friend to *Windsor*, though, as it was Winter, there was no Possibility of going there and returning the same Day, it being twenty Miles distant from *London*; so that we had not only two Days, but a Night also, to pass together. Could any Husband be more obliging to his Rival, than to give him such an Opportunity to accomplish his Wishes? Had mine but concurred, I had then been undone; for truly the Gentleman tried every Argument to win me to them, but in vain. My Husband's Misconduct in exposing me to such Temptation, stung me to the Quick; nay, I could not help believing they were both in a Plot to betray me to Ruin; and as we were at the top Inn in the Town, I started at every Noise of Horsemen who stopped there; and concluded, though falsly I believe, that Mr. *W——le* had given Mr. *P——n* a Direction where to find us; and as this Imaginatlion wholly possessed me, I little regarded either the Elegance of our Entertainment, or the Tenderness and Passion the Gentleman expressed in every Word

and

and Look: His ſoft Endearments were all loſt on one who regarded him as an Enemy. I was obſtinately ſullen, and pretended Wearineſs, on purpoſe to quit his Company; but I loſt all Patience, when calling to the Maid to ſhew me to my Chamber, I found there was but one, nay, and but one Bed too, provided for two Gueſts; for, it ſeems, my Gentleman had ſo ordered it, hoping, no doubt, to ſupply my Huſband's Place.

I was now in a manner convinced, there was Treachery intended againſt me, and reproached my deſiring Swain in ſuch bitter Terms, that he had no Way to prove his Innocence, but by retiring, tho' very reluctantly, to another Apartment; and I took ſpecial Care to barricade my own, not only double-locking it, but alſo placing all the Chairs and Tables againſt the Door to prevent a Poſſibility of being ſurprized.

I roſe very early next Morning to take a Survey of what Curioſities *Windſor* afforded, as it was too late the Night before to ſee any thing; but found nothing worth Obſervation, except the Caſtle, whoſe eminent Situation and *Gothick* Grandeur, might very

very well, some Ages ago, make it esteemed a *Non-pareil:* But as it has frequently been described and celebrated, I shall only say, that considering it as the Palace of the *Edwards* and *Henrys*, I was touched with something like a religious Veneration for it, which no modern Building could inspire me with.

Mr. *W——le* attended me with great Respect, and excepting that he tenderly reproached me with what he called my Cruelty the Night before, gave me no farther Cause of Displeasure, but brought me safely home in his Chaise to Mr. *P——n.*

But pray, gentle Reader, suppose it had happened otherwise; that Night-Solitude, an agreeable and importunate Lover, should have prevailed on human, yielding Frailty, whom could my Husband so properly have blamed for it as himself? He who best knew our Frames, bids us avoid Temptation, as the surest Method, nay and perhaps the only one of avoiding Sin; for who so firm that may not be seduced? Why then should he, Mr. *P——n*, drive me into

into the Toils, unleſs he meant to have me made a Prey of?

I fairly confeſs this Action greatly ſunk him in my Eſteem; nay, it even did the ſame in Mr. *W——le*'s, eſpecially as he reaped no Satisfaction by it. I could ſcarcely after regard Mr. *P——n* as a Huſband; but rather as a Man whoſe Property I was, and who would gladly diſpoſe of me to the beſt Bidder. Shocking Thought!

And yet this Scheme was ſo artfully managed, as indeed all his againſt me have ever been, that I could not well reproach him for it; for he would have alledged, it was a Party of Pleaſure intended by him for my Health and Recreation; and to have mentioned Mr. *W——le*'s Attempt, why, to ſay the Truth, I looked upon it as a Thing which any Man in the ſame Circumſtances might naturally be guilty of, even tho' he had no previous liking to, or Thought of the Woman. So, as there was no Harm done, I judged it moſt prudent to be ſilent. Beſides, no Faults are ſo eaſily pardoned by our Sex, as thoſe we believe to be occaſioned by our own Charms,

the

the eager Lover's conſtant Excuſe, and which our Vanity is but too apt to admit as a reaſonable one.

Of all Things in Nature, I moſt wonder why Men ſhould be ſevere in their Cenſures on our Sex, for a Failure in Point of Chaſtity: Is it not monſtrous, that our Seducers ſhould be our Accuſers? Will they not employ Fraud, nay, often Force to gain us? What various Arts, what Stratagems, what Wiles will they uſe for our Deſtruction? but that once accompliſhed, every opprobrious Term with which our Language ſo plentifully abounds, ſhall be beſtowed on us, even by the very Villains who have wronged us.

O Heav'n that ſuch Companions thou'dſt unfold!
And put a Whip in ev'ry honeſt Hand,
To laſh ſuch Raſcals, naked thro' the World,
Even from the Eaſt to the Weſt.——

I am ſure the whole Female Sex will join with me in a hearty *Amen.*

Mr.

Mr. *P——n*'s Year of Chaplainſhip being near expired, I hoped that he would return to *Ireland*; but he had entertained a Belief that Mr. *Walpole* would provide for him, and therefore determined to ſtay in *London*, ſo I was forced to return ſingle; for as Mr. *P——n*'s Income ceaſed with his Office, he choſe to accept of an Offer from Mr. *W——le* to lodge in his Houſe. For ſeveral Reaſons I thought it moſt proper to reviſit my native Country; the firſt and chief was the Affection I bore to my dear little ones; the next, to avoid both the Temptation and Scandal I muſt have ſuffered, by going into the Houſe of a Perſon, who, with regard to Women, had an avowedly diſſolute Character.

But however cautiouſly and prudently I acted in this Affair, it was not my good Fortune to eſcape Calumny; ſo far from it, that I was both traduced for going to *London*, and for returning from it; and the Wife of a certain B——, who invited me to dine with her a Day or two after my Return to *Dublin*, when we retired to our Tea, abuſed me in Language I ſhould have

ſcorned,

ſcorned, in reſpect to my own Gentility, to have given to the meaneſt Servant I was ever Miſtreſs of: And becauſe my Huſband had made me a Preſent of a few little Trinkets, all of which in the Expence amounted but to a Trifle, told me ſhe was ſure ſome Gallant had given them to me. But, as I have ſince been informed, ſhe was ragingly jealous of me, although without any Reaſon, I can the more readily pardon her inhuman Treatment of me.

But as I did not chuſe to bear Reproaches I did not deſerve, I ſent for a Chair, and, burſting into Tears, left the Room. In the Hall I met the B———, who was coming to drink Tea with the Ladies: He was ſurprized to ſee me ſo diſordered, and tenderly laying hold of me, enquired the Cauſe. I deſired he would aſk his Lady, who had invited me, to uſe me ill: Which he ſaid, he hoped ſhe would not do, even in Regard to my Condition (being then pregnant) But, Heaven knows! had he but conſidered how cruel all barren Creatures naturally are, inſomuch that I have ſeen a barren Ewe

attempt to kill a young Lamb; he would rationally have judged what might have, even in Law, been my Protection, was the very Cauſe of her Hatred and Diſpleaſure to me.

However, as this Lady was the firſt to attack my Character, I can do no leſs than return her theſe my public and grateful Acknowledgments; for though perhaps half the World cannot tell whom I mean; yet as it is more than probable the Perſon concerned may read over theſe Memoirs, ſhe at leaſt will know her own Portrait.

'Tis really a ſad Misfortune, that the honeſt Liberty of the Preſs is ſo ſuppreſſed in *Ireland*: But, however, I promiſe all my Subſcribers to oblige them with a Key to whatever Secrets I have been obliged to lock up; and many I have been obliged to ſtrike out of my Work, otherwiſe I could never have had a ſingle Line printed.

Vice in Power will command at leaſt an outward Homage; and helpleſs Poverty dare not either oppoſe or expoſe it.

A few Days after my Return to *Ireland*, Sir *Daniel Molineux* ſaid in *French* to my Brother

Brother in St. *Ann*'s Church, that he was surprised to see me look so chearful, considering my Husband was in the *Bastile*. My Brother told it to me; but for my Life I could not guess what the Gentleman meant.

But too soon I was informed by the News-Papers, that Mr. *P——n*, Mr. *Motte*, and Mr. *Gilliver*, were all taken up on account of some treasonable Poetry, which Mr. *P——n* had given to the two latter to print; I then recollected the Papers aforementioned, delivered to him by one of my Female Fellow-Travellers.

Who was the Informer I know not, both Parties having violently accused each other; but in my Soul I believe Mr. *P——n* was innocent, and I am sure I have no Reason to be partial to him. But certain it is, his Character suffered so much that it almost broke my Heart, as it deprived me of any Hopes even of his having Bread for his Family. The Notion of his having betrayed Dr. *Swift* incensed the whole Kingdom of *Ireland* against him; and as I did not for many Weeks receive a Letter from him, I knew not how to justify him;

and when called upon by the late Primate (Dr. *Hoadly*) to give him an Account of the Affair, I could only anſwer him with Tears, which, as both he and his Lady were exceedingly humane, pleaded his Cauſe as powerfully as the moſt moving Eloquence could have done; his Grace bade me be comforted, and write to my Huſband to come over and mind his Duty, and he would ſtill be a Friend to him; and generouſly added, that as many Perſons buſied themſelves in bringing Stories to him to Mr. *P———n*'s Diſadvantage, I ſhould be welcome to his Table every Day, which would diſcountenance thoſe who endeavoured to prejudice him, when they ſaw it did not make him or his Spouſe withdraw their Regard from me.

His Grace's Goodneſs affected me ſo much, that my Tears of Sorrow were converted to thoſe of Gratitude; nor could I forbear falling on my Knees to pay my Acknowledgments to him and his friendly Lady, for the Relief their Kindneſs had given to a Heart overcome with Anguiſh.

At length I received a Letter from Mr. *P———n*, which he was obliged to inclose to a Gentleman for me, otherwise it would have been carried to the Castle, and there examined; so great Notice was taken of these Poems. He wrote me word he had been ill of the Rheumatism, and in great Trouble; that he would directly return to *Ireland*, but that he had not Money to bear his Expences. I made an Application to my Father for him, who bade me let the Fellow go to the *West-Indies*, and he would take care of me and the Children. But, unfortunately for me, I had too much Good-nature to take this wholesome Advice; so far from it, that I never ceased importuning him, but followed him from Morning till Night, like *Niobe* all Tears, till he give me a Bill of twenty Pounds to send to him, with which he came over to *Ireland*; but so pale and dejected, that he looked like the Ghost of his former self; and the Disregard he met with from every body went very near his Heart. Every Day there was a new Abuse published on him; my Father battled for

him, and I did every thing in my power to chear and comfort his Spirits. Compaſſion wrought now the ſame Effects on me, as Love had done heretofore; and as he frequently wept, I could not forbear mingling my Tears with his; and, by way of Conſolation, wrote to him the following Lines.

NO more, lov'd Partner of my Soul,
At Diſappointments grieve,
Can flowing Tears our Fate control,
Or Sighs our Woes relieve?

Adverſity is Virtue's School
To thoſe who right diſcern;
Let us obſerve each painful Rule,
And each hard Leſſon learn.

When wintry Clouds obſcure the Sky,
And Heav'n and Earth deform,
If fix'd the ſtrong Foundations lie,
The Caſtle braves the Storm.

Thus

Thus fix'd on Faith's unfailing Rock,
Let us endure a while
Misfortune's rude, impetuous Shock,
And glory in our Toil.

Ill Fortune cannot always laſt,
Or tho' it ſhould remain,
Yet we each painful Moment haſte
A better World to gain:

Where Calumny no more ſhall wound,
Nor faithleſs Friends deſtroy,
Where Innocence and Truth are crown'd
With never-fading Joy.

I ſhould not have dwelt ſo long on every trivial Circumſtance had I not been ſtrangely traduced about this Affair, which, as I ſhall anſwer it to God, I have related with the utmoſt Truth and Exactneſs. I never had any Breach with Mr. *P*———*n* till our final Separation; and I am ſure if my Father had ſuſpected me of any Diſhonour, he would ſooner have joined with my Huſband to proſecute me, than have given

given him a ſingle Shilling to make up Matters between us.

Neither can I really imagine what I had done to merit all the cruel and ſcandalous Aſperſions thrown on me, eſpecially by the Ladies: It would be infinite Vanity to ſuppoſe Envy had any Share in their gentle Breaſts; or that the Praiſes I received from the other Sex, on Account of my Writings, awaked their Diſpleaſure againſt me: For though

They had no Title to aſpire;
Yet, when I ſunk, they roſe the higher.

But what I think moſt ſurpriſing, is, that Women, who have ſuffered in their own Reputations, are generally moſt cruel in their Cenſures on others. I could mention a Lady, who was ſo fond of a certain Colonel, that when he died, ſhe was almoſt mad, though he was a married Man; and yet ſhe was heedful of the main Chance, in prevailing on him to leave her his Eſtate from his Wife, whoſe Brother's Eſtate ſhe had before ſecured to herſelf,

herſelf, he being married to her. I remember this Lady the whole Town-talk of *Dublin*, and yet, by having a large ill-got Fortune, ſhe procured a ſecond Huſband, commenced Prude, though not till Youth and Beauty were fled, and is, if ſhe yet lives, one of the bittereſt Enemies to any Woman, who has ever committed even an Act of Indiſcretion, that can be found in the World, as I have proved many Years ago by woful Experience.

So Flavia, *full of inward Guilt,*
Calls Florimel *an arrant Jilt.*

But enough of this. When Mr. *P———n* was once more ſettled in his Cure, I being very much inclined to a Decay, my Father ſaid, nothing would more effectually reſtore my Health than the Country; ſo having often been invited to his Brother's at *Cork*, I reſolved on going there for a few Months, where I was very kindly received. We took the Diverſions of the Seaſon at *Mallow*, where nothing remarkable happened to me, except that one Gentleman

Gentleman there took it into his Head to do, what they there call black-guard me inceſſantly. It was the reigning Humour of the Place, amongſt the young Folks, to call Names, ſell Bargains, and ſometimes talk indecently, all of which I abhorred, and therefore this Gentleman ſingled me out as a Mark for this Sort of Wit; and the more he found it vexed me, the more he perſiſted in it. At laſt, I very ſeriouſly demanded of him, what I had done to provoke him to teize me in the manner he did? He ſaid, he heard I was a Wit; and wiſhed I would write a Satire on him. So, to oblige him, I ſent him the following Lines, which obtained me a Truce from his anti-ſublime Conceits.

The MIRROR.

STREPHON, ſince my Skill you taſk,
And ſo oft your Picture aſk;
Leſt my Colours prove too faint,
Such a various Mind to paint,
I, who ne'er deſcend to flatter,
And abhor to deal in Satire,

Have

Have at length contriv'd a Way
Your Reſemblance to diſplay.
I have brought Truth's poliſh'd Mirror,
Which ſhall ſhew you ev'ry Error;
And, as faithful Glaſſes do,
Shall reflect your Graces too.

Barren Minds, like barren Soils,
Mock the Cultivator's Toils;
Tho' he ſows the choiceſt Seeds,
The Produce is Chaff and Weeds;
Thine, with wild luxuriant Growth,
Yields us Corn and Thiſtles both.
Ev'ry Virtue to it's Side
Has a Neighbour Vice ally'd;
Theſe, tho' ſprung from diff'rent Roots,
So immix and blend their Shoots,
That we know not what to call
Products ſo equivocal.

All who know you, would admire
Your true Courage, Senſe, and Fire:
Did not oft the Rude and Raſh,
With theſe nobler Talents claſh.

Bounteous Nature fram'd your Mind
Fit for Senſe and Taſte refin'd :
You her choiceſt Gifts refuſe,
And the meaneſt Manner chuſe ;
If from thence you Merit claim,
Ev'ry Shoe-boy has the ſame.

How can you to Fame aſcend,
If your Courſe you downward bend ;
You, indeed, may hope in Time,
To atchieve the low Sublime :
And ſuppoſe the Bottom gain'd,
What but Filth could be obtain'd?

If my Freedom here offend you,
Think it kindly meant to mend you.
In your Mind are Seeds of Worth,
Call their latent Virtues forth :
Nor need you far from Wiſdom roam,
Your beſt Examples are at home*.

And here, gentle Reader, I muſt bid you take leave of the Hope of any farther chearful Amuſement ; here commences the mourn-

* His Father Colonel *Murray*, and his ſecond Wife Lady *Blaney*.

mournfulleſt Tale which ever yet was either told or read.

The Winter's Return brought me to *Dublin*. My Huſband met me about a Mile from Town, and took me and my Aunt *Van Lewen*'s Siſter, who came to Town with me, out of the Stage-Coach into a Hackney one. He entertained me with an Account of a violent Quarrel he had with my Father; and ſaid, he hoped, if I had any Regard for him, I would never go with inſide his Doors. This was a ſtrange Command, and as ſtrange did it appear to me, that he ſhould quarrel with the beſt natured Gentleman in the World; his Father in Effect, as he treated him as his Son! I told him, I hoped he would excuſe my once diſobeying him; for I owed, if poſſible, a ſuperior Duty to my Father, than a Huſband could claim. Mr. *P———n* was very angry. This was on *Thurſday* Night: The next Morning, at all Hazards, I went to wait on my Father, who received me with a Coldneſs, which ſtruck me to the Heart. I aſked him, if I had any way offended him? He ſaid,

Mr. *P*——*n* had uſed him ſo ill, he did not deſire to ſee his Wife. 'Dear Sir '(ſaid I) am I not your Daughter?' 'Yes, '(ſaid he) and had you taken my Advice 'in letting the Villain go to the *Weſt-* '*Indies*, I ſhould have regarded you as 'ſuch; but, make much of him; and 'remember, the Hour will come, when 'you will wiſh you had followed your 'Father's Counſel.' My Aunt's Siſter was with me, to whom he never once ſpoke, but walked to and fro in a ſort of a diſtracted Manner, and looked ſo ill, that, imagining my Preſence diſturbed him, I aſked him where my Mother was? He ſaid, ſhe was gone to take the Air; and that he had Company to dine with him, ſo that he could not aſk me to ſtay. I took the Hint, and departed from him, in ſuch inconceivable Sorrow, as I never in my Life experienced before, becauſe I really loved him more than any thing in the World.

I paſſed the Remainder of the Day in Tears, for my Huſband never came home till Twelve o'Clock at Night; ſo that I had

had full Liberty to indulge my Sorrow. I ſent my Compliments on *Friday* and *Saturday* Morning to my Parents; they anſwered, they were very well; but they neither aſked me to come to them, nor came to me.

On *Sunday* I was invited to Dinner to Mr. *Dubourg*'s. I found myſelf ſo ill, that I could not go to Church; however, about Two o'Clock, I went to dine with my Friends, who looked on me with as much Surprize as if they had ſeen an Apparition. They had no ſooner ſeated me, but they both went out of the Room, and held a long Conſultation at the Door: Little did I think how deeply I was concerned in it. At length Mrs. *Dubourg* came in: I tenderly reproached her with her Coldneſs to me: She ſaid, ſhe was not well; and aſked me, had I heard from *Moleſworth-ſtreet* that Day? I told her, I had not. She aſked me, if Mr. *P——n* would come to Dinner? I told her, he was engaged to preach at *St. Peter*'s Church in the Afternoon, and therefore went to Mrs. *Warren*'s, where they dined early.

A little while after, Counſellor *Smith* came in; but they called him out, and held a long Conference with him. In ſhort, every body behaved themſelves ſo oddly to me, that I knew not what to make of it.

Juſt as Dinner was ſerved up, Mr. *P—n* came in: 'My Dear (ſaid I) you are better than Promiſe.' 'Why (ſays he) I 'am not come to dine, but to tell you 'your Father is ſtabbed.' Had he plunged a Dagger in my Heart, it could not have given me a deeper Wound.

It ſeems, this Accident, for ſuch my Father declared it to be, happened at Nine o'Clock in the Morning; and ſo unkind were my Mother and Siſter, they never ſent me the leaſt Notice of it. The Company I went to, had known of it ſome Hours before; and conſequently were ſurprized to find me ignorant of what ſo nearly concerned me, and what, by that Time, all *Dublin* knew. None of them could find in their Hearts to tell me of it; and this was the Occaſion of the many Conſultations they held, which had appeared ſo ſtrange to me. It would be tedious to my Readers, to relate every

Difficulty

Difficulty I had even to ſee my Father. In reſpect to the Aſhes of my Mother, I do not chuſe to tell how ill I was uſed upon this Occaſion; but as I owe no ſort of Reſpect or Ceremony to my Siſter, (if I may call her one, who by no means deſerves that Title) I muſt proceed. I roſe from the Table, had a Chair called, and went to my Father's: Three of the Servants ſat in the Hall, and my Siſter, exceſſively dirty, walked to and fro in it. She would willingly have kept me out; but however, the Servant knowing me, opened the Door. The firſt Noiſe which ſtruck my Ear, upon my Entrance, was the deep and piercing Groans of my dear Father. When I attempted to go up Stairs to offer my Duty to him, my Siſter by Violence pulled me down; but the Agony I was in for my Father, and the Reſentment I conceived at her groſs Uſage of me, ſupplied me with Strength to get up in deſpight of her. When I opened the Dining-room Door, the Floor was all beſmeared with Blood; my Mother, in an arbitrary Voice, aſked me, what Buſineſs I had there? I told her,

I had a Child's Right to pay my Duty to my Father. She ſaid, if I ſpoke to him it would kill him. Upon which, for the firſt, and indeed the only Time that ever I gave her an impertinent Anſwer; I ſaid, that if every Perſon about my Father had loved him with half my Tenderneſs, he would not have been reduced to the Condition I was then too ſure he was in. Upon this, I offered to go into the Bed-chamber, but was not only forcibly withſtood, but even beaten by my Mother, and again aſked, if I intended to kill my Father? I made her no Reply but ſat down, and aſſured her, that the firſt Perſon who opened that Door I would go in. In about three Minutes time Dr. *Cope*, Dr. *Helſham*, Mr. *Nicholls*, and in all ſeven Phyſicians and three Surgeons (as my Father was univerſally eſteemed) came of their own Accord to viſit him; when I heard them on the Stairs, I took that Opportunity to open the Bed-chamber Door, in which neither my Mother nor my Siſter could well oppoſe me, as the Gentlemen were come into the Dining-room, before they were appriſed

of

of my Intention; but, Heavens! how ſhall I deſcribe the Agony that ſeized me, when I beheld my dear Father pale as Death, and unable to utter any thing but Groans? thoſe only who have loved a Father as well as I did mine, can judge of my Condition: I kneeled down by the Bedſide: Weak as he was he kindly reached out his Hand to me: He aſked me if this was not an unhappy Accident. I begged he would not ſpeak, becauſe Mr. *Nicholls* had told me, his Lungs were wounded, and that every Word was detrimental to him; but as I had not ever knowingly offended him, I begged he would give me leave to pay my Duty to him, and that he would ſignify it, by laying his Hand on my Head, which he not only did, but deſired I would not leave him. But here my Father gave me an impoſſible Taſk; for no ſooner were the Gentlemen departed, but my Mother ſaid ſhe muſt ſpeak with me; and whether ſhe was really mad, or counterfeited to be ſo, I know not; but ſhe inſiſted on my going to Bed with her, alledging that my Siſter was younger and ſtronger than I,

and

and better able to bear the Fatigue of ſitting up. This ſeemed to carry the Appearance of Love and Tenderneſs; but Heaven knows it was far otherwiſe, as I afterwards found out; for the three following Days my Mother never permitted me to leave her; if I ever attempted it, ſhe tore her Hair, and ſcreamed like a Lunatick. The fourth Night I heard my Father ring a Bell, my Mother was aſleep, and as my Thoughts were ever on him, I ran down Stairs to him undreſt as I was. He ſeemed ſurprized to ſee me, having been told that I was in my own Houſe, and would not undertake the Trouble of attending him. I found him in a very cold Sweat; it ſuddenly came into my Head, that if I could change that into a hot one, it might, perhaps, relieve him. So after aſſuring him, that I had not quitted him, nor had ever been out of the Houſe, but was prevented by my Mother and Siſter from attending on him, he ſaid he wa very dry, and aſked me, what the Phyſicians had ordered for him to drink. As they all concluded he would not out-live that Night, they had ordered

nothing,

nothing, but left him to take what he pleaſed, as, in ſpight of all Precautions to the contrary, I had overheard. Upon this, I reſolved ſo far to turn Phyſician myſelf as to tell him, they ordered him to drink ſome Hock and Sack made warm. Weak as he was he could not forbear ſmiling, and ſaying, he never heard of ſuch another Preſcription; 'Ten Gentlemen meet to 'order me ſome Hock and Sack mixed! 'ſaid he; well, give it me: it muſt 'certainly be a Cure for a pleuretick Fever.' I did ſo; nay, I not only gave it to him that Time, but plied him with it every Time he called for Drink all Night, till it produced the Effect I deſired, and threw him into a fine breathing Sweat, and a deep Sleep. It may now be demanded, where my Siſter was all this Time? why, as ſhe had not, if I may ſpeak my Mind, half the Regard for my Father that I had, ſhe was faſt aſleep in the Arm-Chair, nor could he awake her.

When the Phyſicians came in the Morning, they were agreeably ſurprized to find my Father's Fever quite gone, and his Eyes look

look very lively; he told them, their merry Prescription had done him great Service. I winked at them not to undeceive him; they understood me, and Dr. *Helsham* called me aside, under Pretence of giving me some Directions, but in reality, to enquire of me what I had administered. I told him, and he could not forbear smiling. He called the Gentlemen into the next Room to a Consultation, to which presently after I was summoned. As both Dr. *Helsham* and Dr. *Cope* were Men of Wit and Pleasantry, they rallied me agreeably on presuming to practise Physick, having never taken my Degrees; and assured me I should be called before the College of Physicians, and be prosecuted as an Empyrick.

I rose up, and making a low Courtesy, I told them, as the best Part of the College of Physicians were then present, they would, I hoped, have Candour enough to permit me to make my own Defence; to which they all assented by a gracious Nod, and bade me proceed; I then, making another Reverence, told them, that as to my Right of practising Physick, I held it *extra judice*,

dice, and ſmiling ſaid, I ſuppoſed they all underſtood *Latin*—— but as their proper Buſineſs was to deſtroy Life, I hoped they would not take it amiſs, if I for once, in a Caſe which ſo nearly and deeply concerned me, had, to the utmoſt of my power, fruſtrated their Deſigns; neither had I preſumed to interfere, till they themſelves had aſſured me all Hope of my Father's Life was gone, and that he could not live till Morning. But, ſaid I, making another Courteſy, I, with all reſpect to this honourable Board, humbly preſume to believe,

They had rather chuſe that he ſhould die,
Than their Prediction prove a Lye.

Nothing, except my Father's being ſo very weak, and ſo very near to us, could have prevented the Gentlemen's laughing heartily at my fine Harangue. However, I was diſmiſſed with Honour; and as my Father ſeemed now to want nothing but Reſtoratives, I was directed to make him ſome Viper Broth, Hartſhorn Jelly, Chocolate, and other nouriſhing Aliments.

From

From this Time we entertained Hopes of my Father's Recovery. In a few Days he was so strong as to be able to sit up from Morning till Night. The whole Town seemed to participate in our Joy; and many who had never visited him before, came now to congratulate him and his Family on this happy Change. Whether it was owing to his having seen too much Company, or to his own over-Neatness in insisting on having his Chamber cleaned, I know not; but I received a Message from Mr. *P——n*, that he was taken very ill, and desired to see me. As I had flattered myself my Father was out of Danger, I obeyed the Commands of my Husband, and prevailed on Mr. *Nicholls* to come to visit him. He had got a Cold, and was a little feverish; Mr. *Nicholls* thought proper to take a little Blood from him, and I staid with him that Night and Part of the ensuing Day. Mr. *P——n* being much relieved, gave me leave in the Evening to go to my Father's, where I found all Things in Confusion, and he so ill that there was now not the least Hope of his Reco-

Recovery: He coughed inceſſantly, was ſeized with what they call a galloping Conſumption, and in a very few Days after expired, leaving me in inconceivable Sorrow. About an Hour before he departed, I left the Room being unable to ſee his laſt Agonies, and went up to my Mother, who was as faſt locked up in Sleep as guiltleſs Labour. Some time after I heard the Windows thrown up, by which I knew his mortal Cares were ended.

We had that Evening engaged a Nurſe Keeper, but did not dare to let her into my Father's Preſence, leſt he ſhould ſay, as he once did, on propoſing ſuch a thing, that we were tired of him; but now her Aſſiſtance was abſolutely neceſſary, tho' my Siſter told me, ſhe herſelf helped to waſh and lay my Father out. I am ſure I could have died ſooner; but ſome Perſons have uncommon Courage, or rather, as *Swift* obſerves,

Indiff'rence clad in Wiſdom's Guiſe,
All Fortitude of Mind ſupplies.

About three o'Clock in the Morning, on New-Year's-Day, my Sister came into the Room, and desired me to come and help her to take my Father up, that he wanted to rise. Tho' I was certain he was dead, as I had not taken off my Cloaths, I went with her, and sent in the Maid to sit by my Mother. I asked my Sister on the Stairs, was my Father alive? She answered, No. So with a heavy Heart I went into the Dining-Room; but by no means could I summon up sufficient Spirits, to look upon the clay-cold Figure of him, who, under God, was the Author of my Being. My Heart fluttered; my Tongue refused it's Office; neither had I the poor Relief of Tears— no Wonder, when *the very Spring and Fountain of my Life was stopt—— the very Source of it was stopped*, if the Streams thereon dependant, were for a while froze up and dead.

While I was lost in melancholy-musing, my Sister was very industrious in making the Tea-Kettle boil. I do not say this by way of Reflection on her; for tho' I was less assiduous about it, my own Mouth was

perfectly

perfectly parched with Thirſt, and I was very glad of ſomething to moiſten it.

When the Tea was ready, unluckily we had no Sugar, nor was there any in the Houſe, but what was in the Tea-Cheſt, the Key of which was in my Mother's Pocket under her Head. My Siſter went up and waked her, telling her, my Father wanted a little burned Wine. She readily gave it, and prayed devoutly that it might do him good. My Siſter came down laughing, to think how ſhe had impoſed on her. If any thing could have added Weight to the intolerable Burthen of my Sorrows, I now felt it, by conſidering how terrible my Mother's Surprize and Diſappointment muſt be!

About ſix o'Clock, I thought is was proper to ſend the Cheſt of Plate into Dean *Madden*'s, and to lock up whatever was valuable; a prudent Precaution, as it too ſoon appeared. After this I went into my Mother's Chamber; ſhe aſked me how my Father was. I told her he had been very ill in the Beginning of the Night, but was now very quiet. She ſaid, ſhe hoped Sleep

would do him good. I answered, I trusted in God it had. So she arose, and would not put on her Shoes lest she should disturb him: Nay, so strong was the Force of her Imagination, that she even said, she heard him cough as we passed by his Chamber Door: But a sad Counterfeit was I; for when we came into his Dressing-Room, which opened to the Garden, as it was now Day-light, my Mother easily perceived the Concern in my Countenance; she shrieked when she looked at me, and with great Impatience asked me, what ailed me: 'O 'Lord! cried she, cannot you give me 'one Word of Comfort?' I answered very faintly, I wished it was in my Power: But alas! her worst Fears were but too true; all was over. I really thought she would now have run quite mad; scarcely could I prevent her going into his Chamber. I sent in for Dean *Madden*, who by Prayers and spiritual Advice, a little calmed her; but one Woe trod upon the other's Heels: Mr. *Nicholls*, who for the particular Regard he had for my Father, was his first Visitor, and whose Humanity during the

whole

whole Time of his Sickneſs, deſerves a grateful Acknowledgment; which, if the ſurviving Part of his Family refuſe, I think it incumbent on me to pay, ſo far at leaſt as Words can do it, came into the Dining-Room; he gueſſed our Loſs 'ere we could ſpeak it, and ſeemed to bear a Part in our Sorrows. He aſked me what Hour he ſhould come to open my Father. I told him, he had left his Curſe on any Perſon who attempted it. He ſaid he was very glad of it; for as this diſmal Operation muſt have fallen to his Share, it would, I am certain, greatly have ſhocked his Humanity. I would have had him go up to ſee my Mother: He ſaid it would but renew her Trouble, and that when ſhe was a little more calm he would make her a Viſit.

I now thought it highly neceſſary to perſuade my poor Mother to take, at leaſt, a Diſh of Tea, which I could not do, but by aſſuring her I was ready to faint. Juſt as it was prepared, a Servant, looking like a Ghoſt, opened the Door, and beckoned me to follow him; I did ſo, and upon coming

ing down Stairs, found the Houſe filled with Sheriff's Officers: One of them, whoſe Name was *Williams*, was moſt remarkably inſolent, and abuſed me very groſly. I once more ſent in for Dean *Madden*; I believe the worthy Gentleman thought his Words might prevail, but the Scoundrel *Williams* bade him, go talk in his Pulpit. However, I had Preſence of Mind ſufficient to write a Line to Counſellor *Smith*; he happened not to be at home; ſo I begged of the Dean to go to my Mother, leaſt thoſe licenſed Robbers ſhould plunder the Houſe. About ſeven in the Evening Mr. *Smith* came; he found the Wretches very buſy in taking an Inventory of the Furniture, They were full as rude to him, as they had been to the Dean; and at laſt carried it ſo far, as to inſiſt upon arreſting my Father's Body, juſt then laid in a Coffin. I, almoſt wild with Grief, ran after them; the Coffin was open, and I raiſed my dear Father in my Arms, and, as if he could have heard me, aſked him, Would he not protect his Family? Mr. *Smith* had, in the mean Time, ſent for the High-Sheriff; he

was

was a young, good-natured Gentleman; and after heartily reprimanding the Fellows, nay, and even making *Williams* beg pardon on his Knees, dismissed them all, except one, whom he ordered, not only to be civil, but also to do the Work of a Servant; assuring us, he would take an Inventory of the Things himself, as soon as the Funeral was over.

The next Day, being *Sunday*, we determined to have my dear Father buried, according to his own Directions, privately, at Twelve o'Clock at Night; and I easily prevailed on Mr. *Smith*, and his present Lady, to give their Company to my Mother, during the Time of this last sad solemn Ceremony. As my Mother wept incessantly, it made her sleepy; but the Noise made in carrying down my Father's Corpse, awaked her; and as she had only slumbered in her Chair, she started up, crying out, they were carrying her dear Husband to the Grave, and that she would go and be buried with him. We were obliged by Violence to restrain her; nay, and also to assure her he had been interred

some

some Hours, and that the Noise she heard was only that of the Servants, who were setting Things in Order. Mr. *Smith* and his Lady, who, according to their Promise, came and passed the Evening with my Mother, said every thing that Reason, Christianity, or Humanity could dictate, to mitigate her Afflictions. Gratitude for their Kindness made her endeavour to supress the Anguish of her Soul; nay, out of Complaisance to them, she drank a Glass or two of Wine, which, as she had not done for some Weeks before, produced the Effect I desired, of making her sleep. Mr. *P——n* attended the Funeral Obsequies, which was the only Proof of Respect or Kindness he ever shewed to the Family.

Early the next Morning, I rose; and if, in the melancholy Situation of my Soul, any thing could have made me smile, the Cookmaid's Simplicity would certainly have done it; for, finding her Fire made, her Dishes washed, and every thing set in good Order, so well did the Bailiff, who was left in the House, obey the High Sheriff's Orders,

Orders, in doing the Work of a Servant; and he having walked into the Garden; the Maid not recollecting there was any such Person in the House, stood crossing herself, and praying to the Blessed Virgin, and all the Saints in Heaven. I asked her, What was the matter? 'O my dear Ma-'dam! (says she) my Master was always 'neat; and see, for all he is dead, how 'he has made the Fire, and cleaned up the 'Kitchen for me.'

I left the poor Girl in her Mistake, and went up to my Mother. It grieved me to awake her; yet knowing the High Sheriff would be early with us, and that the Inventory of what was in her Chamber must be taken, I thought it was most decent for her to be up, as her unhappy Situation could not authorize her taking on the State of a Lady of Quality, to lie in Bed a Month for Fashion's-sake.

She was not long up before the Gentleman came: From him I learned, that this Execution was laid at the Suit of the Widow *Ford*, who being Executrix to her Children, had asked my Father, where she could

could lay out their Money to Advantage. As Mr. *Monck* wanted Money, my Father immediately thought of him; but as his Eſtate was not liable to his Debts, my Father became Surety for him. This was enough for me; I immediately wrote to Mr. *Monck*; who, on Receipt of the Letter, came to Town, and, with great Honour, not only diſcharged his own Debt, but alſo paid the Sheriff's Fees, which in three Days amounted to Twenty Pounds.

This Gentleman was the late *Henry Stanly Monck*, of *St. Stephen's Green*.

My Siſter, like all provident Perſons, made the beſt of her Way to her Huſband's Mother; who being aſſured, by Dean *Madden*, that he himſelf had married my Siſter to her Son, which had been queſtioned, on Account of his abrupt Departure from her, ſoon after he had made her a Mother, was ſo kindly received by her new Parent, that for three Weeks after, ſhe never either ſent, or came, to know what was become of the old one.

As my Father had poſitively prohibited us from writing any Account to my Brother,

ther, then at *Paris*, of the Misfortune that had befallen him, I thought it not proper to disobey him; yet, at the same time, judged it highly necessary he should be apprized of the melancholy Situation of his Affairs at home; I therefore engaged a young Gentleman, an intimate Friend of my Brother's, to undertake the mournful Task, and advise him immediately to return to *Ireland*: But his best Speed could not overtake his Father's Life, who had been three Weeks buried e're he arrived. When he saw us in deep Mourning, and missed the dear Parent, who used ever to receive him with the Love of a Father, and the Freedom of a Companion, all his Resolution could scarce support it: and tho' he endeavoured to comfort us, 'twas but too visible he wanted it himself. My Heart bled for him; so disappointed in all his Hopes, which, as they had been high raised, were now the more depressed. In short, we were all mere Outside, each endeavouring, by a forced Chearfulness, to conceal their inward Anguish from each other.

As

As my Brother, soon after, sold off the Goods by Auction, and placed my Mother, who was left entirely dependant on him, to board at a Clergyman's House in the Country, after which I never saw her more; I returned to my own House.

Mr. *P——n*, having now no Expectation of a Fortune by me, he threw off all Disguise, and shewed himself in his proper Colours; he had, it seems, while I was in the Country, in a bad State of Health, got in League with the Widow *W—rr—n*, whom he intended, if I had died, as was expected, should supply my Place. However, he was resolved to gid rid ofme at any rate; and as nothing but my Death, or a Divorce, could accomplish his Desires, the latter seemed the safer Method. To this End, he set all his Engines to work. His first Scheme I shall here relate.

One Morning pretty early, he sent for me to come to him to Breakfast in the Summer-house; as I thought he was alone, I ran to him quite undress; but was confounded at the Sight of a Gentleman, whom I had never seen before, and who was dress

out

out with the utmoſt Magnificence and Curioſity, rather in the Habit of a Birth-Night Beau, than a Morning Viſitor. I was for retiring, but Mr. *P——n* obliged me to come in, and introduced him to me. I ſat down with the beſt Grace I could, and made the Tea: Before it was half over Mr. *P——n* ſaid, he was obliged to go viſit a ſick Perſon; but that he ſhould return in half an Hour, engaging me not to let the Gentleman go till then; at the ſame time aſſuring him, I was very well qualified to entertain him agreeably. The Gentleman did not expreſs the leaſt Reluctance at complying with his Requeſt; ſo far from it, that as ſoon as he was gone, he ſaid, he was much indebted to Mr. *P——n*'s Complaiſance, for the favourable Opportunity he had afforded him of ſpeaking his Wiſhes; and, laying hold of my Hand, he began to addreſs me in a moſt bombaſtic Stile, with Fuſtian from exploded Plays. For my part, I thought he was mad, and growing angry at what I deemed a great Incivility to a married Woman, I aſſured him, if he perſiſted in ſuch Impertinence,

tinence, I would quit the Place. He then begged Pardon moſt humbly indeed, for he threw himſelf on the Carpet at my Feet, ſwearing he would never riſe till I had forgiven him; which, not to be plagued with his farther Impertinence, I was forced to ſay, I did. He then wanted me to confirm it by a Kiſs, but that I would by no means grant. In ſhort, his Company was ſo tireſome, that I moſt impatiently longed for a Releaſe; which, however, Mr. *P——n* was reſolved not to give me: So finding the Gentleman was determined to proſecute me, I told him I was engaged to dine abroad, and hoped he would excuſe my leaving him, as I expected a Lady to call upon me, which laid me under a Neceſſity of going to dreſs.

Upon this civil Diſmiſs, to my great Satisfaction he took his Leave, promiſing me, he would do himſelf the Honour of waiting on me again very ſpeedily, to which I made no Reply.

I believe he went to Mr. *P——n* to give him an Account of what had paſt, who

who some time after returned, and seemed much offended, that I had suffered his Friend, as he called him, to go away; adding, that he was related to the Duke of *Dorset*, and might, by his Intereſt, get him a good Living. I answered, Let him be ever so well related, he was a very troublesome Coxcomb, and if he liked such Company, I did not.

A few Days after my youngest Child died, and that I might avoid seeing the Funeral, I retired to the Summer-House, where I sat weeping; when suddenly this same fine Spark opened the Door. He told me, Mr. *P———n* had sent him to desire I would have some Coffee ready, and that he would be at home immediately. I desired the Gentleman to go with me to the Dwelling-House, not chusing to stay alone with him at so great a Distance from every Body. The Coffee was prepared, but no Mr. *P———n* came, so we drank it without him, and the Gentleman fell into his old Vagaries again. I then,

All smarting with my Griefs, being ven'd
To be so pester'd by a Popinjay,
Shakespear.

Burst into Tears, and demanded of him, what he meant by such Insolence? He looked very much confounded, and asked me, was I in earnest? I assured him I was, and that I would acquaint Mr. *P——n* with his Rudeness. He smiled at that Threat, and to my great Surprize, made me the following Speech. 'Madam, I 'am convinced by your Behaviour, that 'you are a Woman of Honour, and am 'very sorry I should be so unfortunate as 'to provoke your Tears: The best Re-'compence I can make you, is, to entrust 'you with a Secret; and I doubt not but 'you will have Discretion enough to make 'a proper use of it. Mr. *P——n* de-'scribed you to me, as a Lady very li-'beral of your Favours, and begged I 'would be so kind as to make him a 'Cuckold, so that he might be able to 'prove it, in order to a Separation from 'you;

'you; promising to give me Time and 'Opportunity for it: He assured me, it 'would be no difficult Task; that I need 'but throw myself at your Feet, whine 'out some Tragedy, and you would quick-'ly yield. But I am now convinced, that 'he is a very great V——n, and very un-'worthy of you.'

I leave my Reason to judge of my Asto-nishment. I could scarce give the Gentle-man Credit; and yet it was but too evident that he spoke Truth, as it was now nine o'Clock at Night, and Mr. *P——n* not come home to his invited Guest.

When I had recovered Power to speak, I told him, I supposed Mr. *P——n* knew him to be a Person destitute of all Honour and Humanity, when he proposed such a Scheme to him as that of betraying any Woman. 'Faith, Madam, returned he, 'I never intended it; for had you made 'me happy, I would, like a Gentleman, 'have forsworn it, and also have given 'you a proper Caution: But I would not 'pay you so ill a Compliment, as not to 'assure you, the Bait was very alluring.

'I believe there are very few young Fel-
'lows who would have refused him the
'Favour he desired of me.' I then begged he would be so kind to leave me, which, accordingly, taking his Leave very respectfully, he did.

I went to Bed full of Disquietude; but the bitter Anguish of my Soul quite banished Sleep. I considered the Snares were laid for me, and that he who ought to be the Guardian and Protector of my Innocence, was the very first Person who sought to destroy it. I wept abundantly, and prayed heartily to God, to deliver me out of my Trouble; at length I fell into a Slumber, when methought my Father, just as I had seen him in his Coffin, drew open the Curtain, and muttered something to me very low and indistinct; but the Words *Trouble*, *Sorrow* and *Shame*, I very plainly heard. I started up, and turned the Head Curtain back; but seeing nothing, concluded the Trouble of my Mind produced such terrifying Dreams, and recommending myself to Heaven, once more addressed myself to Sleep; when suddenly, me-

thought,

thought, I was in the midſt of a Parcel of Ruffians who were fighting, and that I, though I knew not why, was the Occaſion of their Quarrel. At laſt I thought one of them gave me a ſevere Blow over the Head, at which I ſcreamed out, and Mr. *P———n*, who was now in the Chamber, waked me, and aſked me, what was the matter? I told him, I had a very ſhocking Dream. 'Why, ſays he, you 'grieve ſo much after your Father, and 'your Brat, and take no Suſtenance, that 'it is no Wonder you ſhould be in the 'Vapours.' I deſired he would be ſo kind as give me a little Water; for I was in a faint cold Sweat; but as he always kept ſome Cherry-Brandy in his Study, he made me take a little of it, which greatly revived me. I then told him Mr. *H——d* had been to ſee him. He aſked me, how long he ſtayed? I anſwered, till I was weary of him. 'Why, did he offend 'you?' 'Indeed (returned I) he did.' 'How?' ſaid he. 'By a great deal of 'Impertinence, not worth relating. I 'ſuppoſe (ſaid he) the Coxcomb was re-

'peating

'peating his Poetry to you.' 'No (re-'turned I) he ſpoke nothing of his own; 'he had a proper Authority, I believe, 'for whatever he ſaid.' I looked earneſtly in Mr. *P———n*'s Face, and could eaſily perceive he was in great Confuſion; ſo he put out the Candle, and came to Bed without aſking me any farther Queſtions.

Early the next Morning he went out of Town, without either leaving a Shilling to provide for his Family, which conſiſted of a Maid, a Footman, two Children, and myſelf, or any Perſon to ſerve his Cure; neither did I, for the Space of two Months, hear from him, or receive any Supply; till at laſt, by Accident, I learned he was with the Widow *W—rr—n*. For the Truth of this, the Reverend Dr. *Bradford* can bear Witneſs; I mean, ſo far as his going away without either aſking his Permiſſion, or ſubſtituting any Perſon to do his Duty.

But when a Lady's in the Caſe,
All other Buſ'neſs muſt give Place.
Gay's Fables.

Even in Religion itſelf.

I now beg leave to demand of every Perſon, who has been ſevere in their Cenſures of me, what Duty, Love, or Reſpect was due to ſuch a Huſband? When an honeſt Man is linked to a perfidious Woman, his Misfortunes claim Compaſſion; but ſure a voluntary Cuckold is the meaneſt Wretch in Human Nature, and deſerves nothing from the World, but the utmoſt Contempt.

In the mean time the Pariſh was quite in an Uproar; nobody to viſit the Sick, or read Six o'Clock Prayers. I related this Part of my Diſtreſs to my Brother, who prevailed on a young Gentleman, who had been his School-fellow and Companion, then newly ordained, to do Mr. *P——n*'s Duty.

As for my two Children, I ſent them to School, and they dined every Day with Mr. *P——n*'s Father; the Servants were forced to run in Debt for Proviſion; and, for my own part, I quartered myſelf on my next Door Neighbours, Mr. *Lindſay* and his Spouſe, where I always met a chearful and friendly Reception.

I must here observe, that because I loved reading, Mr. *P——n* took with him the Key of his Study, into which he had removed all my Books, Presents to me from my Friends before I was married. He also locked up the Garden, rather chusing it should be overgrown with Weeds, and the Plants and Flowers die for Want of Water, than that either I or the Children should have the Pleasure of amusing ourselves in it. The Tea-chest was also secured; so I was left like a tame Cat, with the Liberty of walking about through two or three empty Rooms.

When I had learned where Mr. *P——n* was, I wrote to him; but received no Answer. At length, one *Saturday*, about Twelve o'Clock at Noon, his Horse was brought home and a mangy Dog, of which I was ordered to take a particular care, which I did; and now expected the Master. But as his buxom old Widow (and old enough she was to be my Mother, and big enough to make four of me) came to Town with him, he stayed with her till Twelve o'Clock at Night. His first Question

tion when he entered was, where was his Dog? with which having played about half an Hour, hugging, kiſſing, and calling it an Angel, he at laſt vouchſafed to come up Stairs. I ſat in my Cloſet in a very penſive Poſture; his firſt Salutation to me was, to aſk me, how I had the Impudence to write to him about my Family Affairs? I aſked him to whom elſe ſhould I write? 'Very fine! (returned he) ſuppoſe Mrs. '*W—rr—n* had opened my Letter!' 'I 'could not ſuppoſe that, Sir, becauſe it is 'a Liberty I never took with you.' 'You 'took with me! why ſhould you? 'Nay 'then (ſaid I) why ſhould ſhe? 'I have '(ſaid he) great Patience, that I do not 'turn you out of Doors.' 'As ſoon as 'you pleaſe, Sir; I know my Way to *St. 'Sepulchres*, and late as it is, I dare ſay 'they will give me Admiſſion.'

I believe he thought he had now gone too far, and was more than half afraid I would publiſh all his Villanies; ſo he fell into his old Trade of Diſſimulation, in which he is a perfect Maſter; and taking me by the Hand, told me, he did not think

think ſo gentle a Temper as mine could be diſturbed at any Thing; and that it was very unkind in me to be diſobliged at his taking a little Recreation in the Country; adding, that he often wiſhed for me there. I aſked him why he did not take me with him? He ſaid, he had propoſed it to Mrs. *W—rr—n*; but that ſhe had objected againſt it, telling him, I was a Woman of ſo bad a Reputation, that ſhe would not for all the World countenance me. I muſt beg leave to aſk my Readers, what Sort of Terms this Couple muſt be on, when ſhe took the Liberty of traducing his Wife to him? She may be very chaſte, for aught I know; but I verily believe many an unhappy Creature, who has even proſtituted herſelf for Bread, would not have been guilty of her Crime.

Curſed be he that parteth Man and Wife is Part of our *Aſh-Wedneſday* Service, to which I ſay *Amen*, with all my Heart and Soul.

But to return: I told Mr. *P——n*, I was extremely obliged to the Lady; that moſt Men, even if they hated their Wives, would

would resent any Injury offered to them as being Part of themselves; but he was too good a Christian for that. So I arose, and was for leaving the Room. He asked me, where I was going? I answered, 'To sleep 'with my Children; for why should I, Sir, 'go to bed to a Man, in whose Person, 'Mind, or Fortune, I have no longer a 'Share; and who has actually divorced him-'self from me, as the Law can do!'

However he insisted on my staying with him, which accordingly I did. We both rose pretty early; and the Children coming in to ask his Blessing, he whipt his Daughter severely, because, as he said, she resembled my Mother; though indeed she was infinitely more like his own: And, to shew his Impartiality, he whipt the poor little Boy, for being like himself.

When this Scene was over, the Children were turned down to the Kitchen, and the mangy Dog, which it seems was given him by Mrs. *W—rr—n*, invited to a good Plate of Toast and Butter and half a Pint of Cream for his Breakfast; so well did he

U fulfil

fulfil the old Proverb, *Love me, love my Dog.*

After these Holy Exercises, he went to the Communion; which indeed I had intended to do, but as he had really vexed me past my Patience, I could not compose myself sufficiently for the worthily receiving those sublime Mysteries.

Thus we may see it is in the power of a bad Man, not only to destroy our temporal, but also our eternal Happiness.

I saw no more of him till Midnight; buxom *Joan* engaging him till then, or in other Words, the Widow *W——rr——n.*

Mr. *P——n*'s Father hearing he was in Town, came the next Morning to see him, and demanded of him the Money he had paid for his Childrens Tuition; upon which he turned to me, with an Air of great Contempt, and told me, he thought when he had married so accomplished a Lady, she might have taught her Children to read, write, work, *&c.* and at least have saved him the Expence of their Education. I told him, and indeed it was Truth, that it should never desire a more delightful En-

ployment

ployment than that of cultivating their Minds; but that he ought to consider, he left no Support for our Bodies, and consequently I was obliged to go abroad every Day to seek for Food, and could not encumber such Company, as I might be welcome to, with my Children. Here Mr. *P——n*'s Father interrupted me, by saying, I might always have been welcome to him. Indeed I doubt it not, for he was a good-natured Man; but as he kept an Alehouse, it was no very agreeable Place for me to pass my Time in.

Next Morning buxom *Joan* came in her own Coach for her Chaplain; a Right which most Widows of Fortune claim. I looked at her, and she hid her Face. Mr. *P——n* soon waited on her, and away they went together, leaving me just as desolate as I was before.

Mr. *P——n* has often alledged, in order to prove me an Adultress, as I was with Child when we parted, that he had no manner of matrimonial Commerce with me for four Years. I was but just four and twenty Years of Age when we were sepa-

rated; and, as my Reader may obſerve, he would not permit me to have a ſeparate Bed, whether what he not only ſaid, but ſwore, was true or falſe, I do not ſee how he could gain any Honour by it.

For as the *Spaniſh* Friar ſays, when old *Gomez* boaſts that his Wife was a ſpotleſs Virgin for him;

A fine Commendation truly!
The Church did not put you together for that.

And here, gentle Reader, give me leave to drop the Curtain. To avouch mine own Innocence in a Point, where Appearances were ſtrong againſt me, would perhaps little avail me: The ſupreme Judge of Hearts alone will at the laſt great Day clear or condemn me; to whoſe unerring Juſtice and boundleſs Goodneſs I ſubmit my Cauſe.

When Snares and Limed-Twigs are ſpread for a poor Bird, it cannot well eſcape. Yet I may ſay with the condemned Duke of *Buckingham*, in *Shakeſpear*'s *Henry the Eighth*,

We

We both fell by our Servants;
Therefore, this receive as certain:
Where you are lib'ral of your Loves and Counsels,
Be sure you are not loose; for those you make Friends,
And give your Hearts to, when they perceive
The least Rub in your Fortune, fall away
Like Water from ye, never found again,
But where they mean to sink ye.

A proper Caution to both Sexes, to be duly on their Guard against Confidants.

I could reckon up numberless Instances of Mr. *P——n*'s Aversion to me; one in particular I cannot pass over. One Day, at Dinner, the Pin in the Robing of my Gown, pricked my Breast; as there was no body but my Husband and Children present, I made no Scruple of uncovering my Bosom, to examine what had hurt me; upon which Mr. *P——n* rose from Table, and said I had turned his Stomach. As I really had a fine Skin, and was then a most remarkably neat Person, I thought he only

jested; and merrily told him, he should kiss my Breast and make it well: But alas! it was not like *Prior*'s *Lover's Anger*, where when the Lady complains, that

An ugly hard Rose-bud has fall'n in my Neck,
It has vex'd me, and plagu'd me to such a Degree!
Look here now; you'll never believe one, pray see,
I' th' Left Side of my Breast what a Mark it has made!
So saying, her Bosom she careless display'd:
That Seat of Delight I with Wonder survey'd,
And forgot ev'ry Word I design'd to have said.

For he told me, he was sure he should faint if I came near him; and either pretended to throw up his Dinner, or did it in reality. After which polite Compliment, he drank a large Glass of Cherry-brandy, to settle his Stomach; and repaired to his usual Haunt, *i. e.* to buxom *Joan*.

About

About Twelve at Night, he returned, and awaked me out of a ſweet Sleep, by telling me, I was a moſt expenſive extravagant Woman. I aſked him in what? He ſaid, in putting on clean Linen every Day; whereas Mrs. *W—rr—n*, who had a Thouſand Pounds a Year, aſſured him, ſhe never ſhifted herſelf but once a Week, and ſhewed him Half-ſleeves, which ſhe wore, to ſave the Expence of waſhing. I anſwered him very careleſly, that I ſuppoſed that was what charmed him; and therefore, Dirt to Dirt.

I beg leave here to remark, that my Huſband's Complaints were very different from thoſe of moſt married Men; their general Excuſe for going aſtray is, that their Wives are dirty, ſlothful, ignorant, *&c.* the very Reverſe of which ſwiniſh Qualities made my good Man hate me.

Well, grant me guilty, which never yet
was proved;
Yet I do think, if Wives do fall, it is
their Huſbands Fault.

Say, that they slack their Duty, and pour
our Treasure into foreign Laps,
Or else break out in peevish Jealousy,
Throwing Restraint on us: Or say, they
strike us;
Or scant our former Having, in Despight:
Why, we have Galls; and though we have
some Grace,
Yet we have some Revenge. Let Hus-
bands know,
Their Wives have Sense like them: They
see and smell,
And have their Palates both for sweet
and sour,
As Husbands have. What is it that they
do,
When they change us for others? Is it
Sport?
I think it is. And doth Affection breed
it?
I think it doth. Is't Frailty that thus
errs?
It is so too. And have not we Affections?
Desire for Sport? and Frailty, as Men
have?

Then

Then let them use us well; or let them know,
The Ills we do, their Ills instruct us to.
Shakespear.

And in one of the Sermons on Social Duties, published lately by a real Divine, he makes this Observation, That he believes, very few Women have either been so weak, or so wicked, to wrong the Marriage-bed, but when they have been provoked to it, either by the ill Treatment they received from their Husbands, or in Revenge to their prior Falshoods.

If I have not delivered the most worthy Author's Sentiments with his own Elegance of Style, I am sure he will pardon me, as I only quote from Memory, not being Mistress of his admirable Works.

I do assure my Reader, I do not, by those Quotations, mean to countenance Vice,

Or to arm my Pen
Against the Sun-clad Power of Chastity.
Milton.

So,

So far from it, that in my Opinion, Nothing can excuse the Breach of it; and a Female

Should strip herself to Death, as to a Bed,
Which, longing, she'd been sick for,
Rather than yield her Body up to Shame.

All I intend is this; the World has been pleased to say, I had a most excellent Husband; and therefore have thought proper, not thinking their Bill of Accusation large enough, to add *Ingratitude* to every other Vice and Folly they are pleased to attribute to me.

But so many Yards of Prunella and a Bit of clear Cambrick, properly placed under the Chin, it seems make a Holy Man.

Yet, let's write Good Angel, on the Devil's Horn,
'Tis not the Devil's Crest.
And so an outward Sainted Priest, may
In all his Dressings, Titles, Carats, Forms,
Be an Arch-villain; and his Filth being cast,

Appear

Appear a Pond as deep as Hell.

Shakespear.

I hope Mr. *P———n* will return his Acknowledgments to me, for making him publicly known; for, as I hear, his Poems have suffered the Fate of all Things mortal; and, to use his own Lines,

Since he and his Writings so soon are forgotten,
E'er his Carcass become, like his Principles, rotten;
My Muse shall forbid it, transmitting his Merits,
As the Curious, for Shew, preserve Monsters in Spirits.

P———n's Elegy on the Rev. Mr. *Graffan*, written many Years before the Gentleman's Death.

And so if my *Quondam* Husband arrives at Fame, or ever goes to Heaven, either of which I very much doubt, I think he must still rest my Debtor.

For

For Fame *has but two Doors, a white*
and a black one,
The worſt you ſay, he's ſtole in at the back
one.

And that Cuckolds go to Heaven, no body ever yet diſputed. Were he one, he ought to thank me that helped to ſend him thither. If I have beſtowed on him Fame in this World, and Salvation in the next, what could a reaſonable Man deſire more from his Wife? But ſome Folks are never to be ſatisfied!—But whether he is entitled to the Horn or not, muſt always be a Secret: I hope ſome curious Commentator will hereafter endeavour to find out the Truth of it; for my Mind gives me,

That I, like the Claſſics, ſhall be read
When Time, and all the World are dead.

And if a *Scotch* Barber, one *Allan Ramſay*, promiſes himſelf ſo much, in a Sort of Burleſque on *Horace*, why may I not be indulged

dulged in equal Vanity, the ruling and darling Paſſion of our Sex? Tho' I ſhall never carry it to ſuch an unnatural Height, as Dr. *Young* makes a Lady do, when ſhe is dying,

Odious, in Woollen! 'twould a Saint provoke!
Were the laſt Words that dying Flavia ſpoke.
No, let a charming Chintz, and Flander's *Lace,*
Shade my pale Corſe, and deck my lifeleſs Face.
One wou'd not ſure, look ugly when one's dead;
And——Betty, *give my Cheeks a little red.*

I muſt beg my Reader's Pardon for theſe numerous Quotations; but, as *Swift* ſays, 'thoſe anticipating Raſcals the Ancients, 'have left nothing for us poor Moderns to 'ſay:' But ſtill to ſhew my Vanity, let it ſtand as ſome ſort of Praiſe, that I have ſtolen wiſely.

At length the fatal Hour arrived, when Mr. *P*——*n*'s Machinations wrought the Effect he ſo long deſired, namely, my De-

ſtruction; and, as he never did Things by Halves, that of his own Children alſo; to whom his Barbarity has exceeded any thing I ever either heard or read of; but that in due Place.

I own myſelf very indiſcreet in permitting any Man to be at an unſeaſonable Hour in my Bed-Chamber; but Lovers of Learning will, I am ſure, pardon me, as I ſolemnly declare, it was the attractive Charms of a new Book, which the Gentleman would not lend me, but conſented to ſtay till I read it through, that was the ſole Motive of my detaining him. But the Servants, being bribed by their Maſter, let in twelve Watchmen at the Kitchen Window, who, though they might have opened the Chamber-Door, choſe rather to break it to pieces, and took the Gentleman and myſelf Priſoners.

For my own Part, I thought they had been Houſe-breakers, and would willingly have compounded for Life, when entered Mr. *P———n*, with a Cambric Handkerchief tied about his Neck, after the Faſhion of Mr. *Fribble*, and with the Temper

Temper of a Stoic, bid the authorized Ruffians not hurt me: But his Chriſtian Care came too late; for one of them had given me a violent Blow on the Temple, and another had dragged two of my Fingers out of Joint. The Gentleman, at the Sight of Mr. *P——n*, threw down his Sword, which he obſerving, made two of the Watchmen hold him, while he moſt courageouſly broke his Head.

After this heroic Action, he told me, who ſtood quite ſtupified between Surprize and Pain, that I muſt turn out of Doors; but obſerving that I was fainting, he brought up a Bottle of Wine, and kindly drank both our Healths. He would fain have prevailed on us to pledge him; but we were not in a Temper to return Civility. Upon which he took my Hand, and very generouſly made a Preſent of me to the Gentleman, who could not in Honour refuſe to take me, eſpecially as his own Liberty was not to be procured on any other Terms. Mr. *P——n* kindly diſmiſſed our Guards, and aſſured us, as ſoon as ever he had obtained a Divorce, he

would with great Pleasure, join us together in holy Matrimony. At the Door the Gentleman's Sword was delivered to him. Mr. *P*———*n* offered to kiss me at parting, which mean Piece of Dissimulation, so much in the Stile of *Jack Ketch*, gave me the utmost Contempt for the V——n.

It was by this time two o'Clock in the Morning, and we knew not where to steer our Course: However, the Gentleman's Servant always sat up for him, and therefore he judged it more advisable to go to his own Lodging, than to search for any other, and, truly, I little cared where I went.

And here, I sincerely assure my Reader, that neither of us even entertained a Thought of any thing like Love, but sat like Statues till Day-break; when recollecting that I had nothing to change me with, I wrote a Letter to Mr. *P*———*n* to desire he would send me my wearing Apparel, or at least some clean Linen.

He complied with my Request, and wrote me a long Letter, wherein he seemingly expressed an infinite Concern for my Loss, but

as

as I had moſt ſtrenuouſly recommended our Children to his Care, he gave it then under his Hand that he was perfectly convinced they were his own, and that I might depend on his Tenderneſs to them; but at the ſame time, as he was determined to be legally divorced, he expected I would not give him any Oppoſition in it.

Before I received this Letter, I had taken a Lodging in *Abbey-ſtreet* up two pair of Stairs, where my Clothes were brought to me, together with it; but not a ſingle Shilling to aſſiſt me, my Watch, my Books, and even what few Jewels I poſſeſſed before Marriage, were detained from me, which threw me quite dependant on the Courteſy of the Perſon I was accuſed with.

But Mr. *P*———*n* was ſo highly provoked at our not cohabiting together, as he wiſhed, that he forced the Gentleman to fly, who having Notice that there was an Action taken out againſt him, made the beſt of his way to *London*, leaving a Letter with five Guineas encloſed in it for

me, in the Hands of a Diſſenting Miniſter, who very faithfully diſcharged his Truſt.

Curioſity made me go to the Gentleman's Lodging to enquire of his Landlady what ſhe knew relating to him; the Gentlewoman was very obliging, but could give me no Satisfaction or Light into the Affair: However, ſhe made me drink Tea with her, and we ſat together till near nine o'Clock at Night.

At my return to my own Lodging, the Maid told me my Room was Let; I ſaid that was odd, as it was taken by the Week, and one not then expired, to Let it without giving me Warning to provide myſelf, which, at that Hour, in a Winter's Night, it was impoſſible for me to do.

The Maid, to whoſe care this Houſe was entruſted, for I know not who was Landlord, told me, I might if I pleaſed lie in the firſt Floor, as the Family were not come to Town, and there were only their Servants in the Houſe, whom ſhe could diſpoſe of into worſe Beds; but, to my great Surprize, I found the Lock had been taken off the Bed-chamber Door, which I will remembered

bered had been on it in the Morning, as I had ſome Difficulty to open it to take thence ſome China.

I aſked her the meaning of it? She inſiſted poſitively that there never had been a Lock on it, which knowing to be a Falſhood, I began to be apprehenſive ſome foul play was intended, nor was I miſtaken.

I then aſked her for a young Woman, whom ſhe had told me was a Servant out of Place, that lodged in the back Parlour; ſhe ſaid ſhe was a Bed in the Garret, and that my Trunk was there alſo; this gave me a ſufficient Excuſe, as there was no Lock on the Trunk, to go up to her; and as ſhe had been a Lady's Woman, and very well knew who I was, I told her all my Apprehenſions, and ſhe readily conſented to quit her own Bed and come to mine.

We brought down the Trunk between us, and placed it againſt the Chamber-Door; as the Maid was buſied with her new Gueſts, ſhe took it for granted I was alone, and therefore reſolved to provide me with

a Male Bed-fellow, as a proper Conſolation for a Perſon in my unhappy Situation.

About ſeven o'Clock in the Morning, not then clear Day, ſhe very furiouſly puſhed open the Chamber-Door, and told me, one Mr. *B——k* deſired to breakfaſt with me, who was a Member of P———t, and a Man of Fortune, and the Perſon who had taken the Houſe. I told her I never wiſhed to ſee any human Creature, and ſhould be glad I could hide myſelf even from myſelf; but ſhe, ſuppoſing me to be alone, directly introduced a Man, full ſix Feet high, and of the moſt diſagreeable Aſpect I ever beheld——Perhaps it was my Terror that painted him ſo to my Imagination.

I ſtarted up and threw my Gown about me, but I was not quite ſo quick in putting on my Clothes as the Gentleman was, in taking his off, reſolving, without the leaſt Ceremony to come to Bed to me, I pulled my Companion, who aſked him what he meant; why, who the D——l are you, you old B—ch ſaid he: This Lady, meaning me, is publickly known thro' all the Coffee-houſes in *Dublin*. Had the Gentleman

man been ſtudying how to diſappoint his own Intentions, he could not more effectually have done it, as he brought all the Horror of my Condition full upon my Mind. And as I had no Protector, no Friend, no Guardian, I burſt into Tears, and told him, if he was a Gentleman, he would not inſult Miſery. 'Do I occaſion 'Tears, Madam?' 'You do, Sir, and 'and therefore I deſire you will depart.' 'Well, Madam, ſaid he, I beg pardon, I 'had a full Hiſtory of you from the Maid 'of the Houſe, who ſaid, ſhe believed a 'Companion would not be diſagreeable to 'you, eſpecially as ſhe was apprehenſive 'you had no Money.' 'Sir, ſaid I, ſhe is 'miſtaken, I have at leaſt enough to diſcharge my Lodging, which I will immediately do; and once more I deſire 'you to withdraw, which accordingly he 'did.'

I then prevailed on the young Woman who was with me to take a Lodging for me, and in about half an Hour I went to it.

But

But now came the general Slander Charge
Which ſome invent, the reſt enlarge.

So from my Heart, I wrote the following Lines.

SORROW.

WHILE ſunk in deepeſt Solitude and Woe,
My ſtreaming Eyes with ceaſeleſs Sorrow flow,
While Anguiſh wears the ſleepleſs Night away,
And freſher Grief awaits returning Day;
Encompaſſed round with Ruin, Want and Shame,
Undone in Fortune, blaſted in my Fame;
Loſt to the ſoft endearing Ties of Life,
And tender Names of Daughter, Mother, Wife;
Can no Receſs from Calumny be found?
And yet can Fate inflict a deeper Wound!

As

As one who in a dreadful Tempeſt toſs'd,
If thrown by Chance upon ſome deſert Coaſt,
Calmly a while ſurveys the fatal Shore,
And hopes that Fortune can inflict no more;
Till ſome fell Serpent makes the Wretch his Prey,
Who 'ſcaped in vain the Dangers of the Sea;
So I who hardly 'ſcap'd Domeſtic Rage,
Born with eternal Sorrows to engage,
Now feel the poiſonous Force of ſland'rous Tongues,
Who daily wound me with envenom'd Wrongs.

Shed then a Ray Divine, all Gracious Heav'n,
Pardon the Soul that ſues to be forgiv'n,
Tho' cruel Humankind relentleſs prove
And leaſt reſemble thee in Acts of Love;
Tho' Friends who ſhou'd adminiſter Relief,
Add Pain to Woe, and Miſery to Grief,
And oft! too oft! with Hypocritic Air,
Condemn thoſe Faults in which they deeply ſhaer,

Yet

Yet thou who doſt our various Frailties know,
And ſee'ſt each Spring from whence our
Actions flow,
Shalt, while for Mercy to thy Throne I fly,
Regard the lifted Hand and ſtreaming Eye.

Thou didſt the jarring Elements compoſe,
Whence this harmonious Univerſe aroſe;
O ſpeak the Tempeſt of the Soul to Peace,
Bid the tumultuous War of Paſſion ceaſe;
Receive me to thy kind Paternal Care,
And guard me from the Horrors of Deſpair.
And ſince no more I boaſt a Mother's Name,
Nor in my Children can a Portion claim,
The helpleſs Babes to thy Protection take,
Nor puniſh for their hapleſs Mother's ſake:

Thus the poor Bird when frighted from
her Neſt
With agonizing Love, and Grief diſtreſs'd,
Still fondly hovers o'er the much lov'd Place,
Tho' ſtrengthleſs, to protect her tender Race;
In piercing Notes ſhe movingly complains,
And tells the unattending Woods her Pains.

And

* And thou once my Soul's fondeſt deareſt
Part,
Who ſchem'd my Ruin with ſuch cruel Art,
From human Laws no longer ſeek to find,
A Pow'r to looſe that Knot which God has
join'd,
The Props of Life are rudely pull'd away,
And the frail Building falling to Decay,
My Death ſhall give thee thy deſir'd Releaſe,
And lay me down in everlaſting Peace.

I believe Mr. *P———n* would ſay with old Sir *Paul Plyant*, when he finds a Love: Letter from a Gentleman to his Wife, ſigned, your dying *Ned Careleſs*, 'Ads 'bud, I wiſh it were true!' But,

My kind Companion never fear,
For tho' you may miſtake a Year,
Tho' your Prognoſticks run too faſt
They'll certainly prove true at laſt.

Swift.

* Mem. My Huſband, who was then ſuing for a Divorce.

But I had a Fellow-Lodger, one Mr. *Donnellan*, an Enſign, who it ſeems knew me ſo well, that he thought proper to bring the late Earl of *R——ſſe*, of facetious Memory, and ſeveral other Perſons of Diſtinction, to break open my Lodging. On hearing them coming up Stairs, I ran into the Dining-Room, and locked myſelf in. When thoſe worthy P—rs could not find me, they threatened to kick the Landlady; and one of them putting his Mouth to the Key-hole of the Dining-Room, cried, 'Do, my Dear, open the Door; by 'Heaven! it is nobody but I, *D—g*, the 'Fiddler.' I made no Reply; ſo being diſappointed, they were forced to decamp, curſing and vowing Revenge againſt the Woman of the Houſe.

This Accident ſo terribly alarmed me, that I reſolved to quit this Lodging the next Day; but Mr. *D———n* was determined not to permit me to depart in Peace; for, being a military Man, he ſtood Centinel at the Door of my Chamber all Night, frequently intreating me to let him in; but truly had I been amorouſly inclined.

clined, the Sight of the various Medicines in his Apartment would have

Damp'd all Paſſion ſympathetic.

For, as I had a back Room, when this Gentleman was abroad, I frequently, for Variety, went into his, which looked into the Street.

However, at laſt he went to Bed; and early next Morning he told the Landlady that I had kept him awake all Night, and that I was a moſt notorious common S——t.

'Arah, by my Shoul (ſaid the old 'Dame) you would make her one, if you 'could: What Buſineſs had you, and all 'thoſe Lords with her? One of them 'bid the Devil to breake my own Neck; 'but I hope he will be hanged firſt.'

While my Landlady, to whom I had never told my Name, related this to me, I heard ſomebody enquire for Mrs. *Pilkington*, ſo I deſired to know who it was, and up came a very well dreſt matron like Female of about Fifty; ſhe expreſſed great

Concern for my Misfortunes; ſaid, my dear Father had ſaved her Life, and that ſhe was at preſent Houſe-keeper to the Earl of *A*———*m*, who was extremely troubled for his Rudeneſs to me, and hoped I would give him an Opportunity of begging my Pardon. I told her, as I did not know whom to blame, I wanted no Apology; it was my wretched Fate to be ſubject to the Inſolence of every Fellow.

She then urged, what I own was a prevailing Argument to one not worth a Shilling, that my Lord was very generous, and would, ſhe was ſure, make me a handſome Preſent, in Recompence of the Terror he had put me into. As I looked on my preſent Circumſtances to be quite deſperate, being near Lying-in, and having nothing to aſſiſt me, I agreed to ſee him any where, except at my own Lodging. Upon which the artful old Crone told me of a Houſe in the Neighbourhood, a very reputable one according to her Account, where my Lord would meet me in the Evening.

Accordingly I went; but let any one judge of my Surprize, when inſtead of the Earl, I met a Gentleman whom I had never ſeen before: So I inſtantly departing, left him to his Contemplations. And in Proceſs of Time it came to light, that the venerable Houſe-keeper of the Earl, was neither better or worſe than the celebrated Mother *Brown:* And indeed I received many Viſits from Ladies of her ſublime Calling.

And what moſt ſurpriſed me, was, that they were generally employed by ſober married Men, and ſuch as to my own Knowledge, lived very well with their Wives; but theſe Ladies aſſured me, their Huſbands hated them, and would rather have any other Woman. So I found I was not alone in my Misfortune. And if every married Man, who has ever attacked me, does not ſubſcribe to my *Memoirs*, I will, without the leaſt Ceremony, inſert their Names, be their Rank ever ſo high, or their Profeſſion ever ſo holy.

I'll dash the proud Gamester from his
gilded Car;
Bare the mean Heart, that lurks beneath
a Star.

And the more formal Villains, who, in the Robes of Sanctity, commit worse Frauds then Highwaymen, surely ought not to remain unexposed.

For me, while Heav'n affords me vital
Breath,
Let them behold me, as their Scourge, till
Death;
Them, thro' their Serpent Mazes, I'll
pursue,
And bring each latent Vice to public View:
And, what their Cunning studies to conceal,
Shall be my constant Pleasure to reveal;
Till warn'd Mankind shall from their
Mischiefs fly,
And hate them more, if possible, than I.

Ay, my little good Lord Cardinal!
I'll scare you worse than did the Midnight
Bell,

When

*When the brown Wench lay kiſſing in your Arms**.

I once was acquainted with a Prelate, who had certain ſtated Prices for all his Sins; as thus:

	l.	*s.*	*d.*
For Adultery ——	1	7	0
For Simple Fornication	0	10	6
For Venial Tranſgreſſions	0	5	0 each

And,

Yet he was a B—p, and he wore a Mitre,

Which, in all in good Time, may be

Surrounded with Jewels of Sulphur and Nitre.

How nearly this B——p my B——p reſembles!
But his has the Odds, who believes and who trembles.

What

* Mem. My Maid on the Carpet.

What I thought moſt cruel in him was, that he never gave a Farthing to the poor Women themſelves. But to make up Matters with Heaven, he took up ten Baſtards every Year; fed, clothed, and apprenticed them; hoping, no doubt, as his Dealings were pretty promiſcuous, ſome one of them might belong to him. So

How could his Charity be better ſhewn,
Or whom ſhould he provide for, but his own?

As I do not chuſe to be guilty of *Scandalum magnatum*, if nobody can gueſs who I mean, I will fairly acknowledge myſelf to be as arrant a Dunce as any B——p. or Parſon in the World, and really that is ſpeaking largely;

Conſidering what Dulneſs reigns
Amongſt our P——s, Prieſts and Deans.

And as *Milton* obſerves on the Devil's breaking into Paradiſe:

So

So ſince into God's Fold
Climb Thieves, and Ruffians, and lewd
hireling Slaves,
Turning the Sanctuary of th' Almighty
Into a Den.

And it were to be wiſhed that our Bleſſed Saviour would once more come, and drive thoſe Money-Changers out of the Temple.

I was again once more obliged to change my Lodging, and knew not how to provide for the approaching Calamity: I wrote to Mr. *P——n*, who generouſly ſent me Six-pence by my eldeſt Son, to put me above the Temptations to which Want expoſes our helpleſs Sex; for ſo he expreſſed himſelf in a long Epiſtle he wrote with it.

But when things are at the worſt they generally mend; for who ſhould arrive from *London* but Mr. *W——le*. He no ſooner heard of my Misfortune, but he came to viſit me, and as he had a ſtrange Ambition to be thought a Poet, he aſſured me, if I would devote my Genius to his Service he would liberally reward me; to which I gladly conſented, as an eaſy and honour-

honourable Method of getting a Subſiſtence.

I really would not be ſo ungenerous to ſtrip the *Jack-Daw* of his borrowed Plumes, but that his Uſage of me in *London* was ſo inhuman, that it merits a worſe Puniſhment from me, than meerly expoſing his Vanity, and the World may conclude,

That of all the fine Things which he keeps in the Dark,
There's ſcarce one in ten, but what has my Mark.

Though Mr. *P——n* and *Harry C——ry* were his two Subalterns, or under Strappers in poetical Stock-jobbing. As Mr. *W—le* was a muſical Man, my firſt Taſk was to write a Song for him, which I performed in the following manner.

STELLA, Darling of the Muſes,
Fairer than the blooming Spring;
Sweeteſt Theme the Poet chuſes,
When of thee he ſtrives to ſing.

While

While my Soul with Wonder traces
All thy Charms of Face and Mind,
All the Beauties, all the Graces,
Of the Sex in thee I find.

Love, and Joy, and Admiration,
In my Breaſt alternate riſe;
Words no more can paint my Paſſion,
Than the Pencil cou'd thine Eyes.

Laviſh Nature thee adorning,
O'er thy Lips and Cheeks hath ſpread,
Colours that might ſhame the Morning,
Smiling with celeſtial Red.

Would the Gods, in bleſt Condition,
Our Requeſts indulgent view,
Sure each Mortal's firſt Petition
Would be to reſemble you.

Mr. *W——le* ſhewed this Ballad to Mr. *P——n*, who thought proper to alter the laſt Verſe, giving it this prophane and nonſenſical Turn;

Cou'd

Cou'd the Gods, in bleſt Condition,
Aught on Earth with Envy view,
Lovely *Stella*, their Ambition
Wou'd be to reſemble you.

As for the Gods envying Mortals, and wiſhing to be like them, it has neither Senſe, *Engliſh*, nor even Novelty to recommend it; nor is it agreeable to the Dictates of Reaſon or Religion; for even a Heathen Author ſtands condemned for ſetting *Cato* in a Light ſuperior to the Gods; but a Chriſtian Divine may ſay any thing, and ſo much for an old Song.

I thought my Circumſtances might have ſecured me from any farther Attacks from the Male World; but it ſeems I was to have no more Reſt than the Patriarch's Dove had; for I had a furious Onſet from

A Tinſel Babler Blunderbuſs of Law.
Newburgh's Hiena.

One *C——n*, a Perſon not otherwiſe known, than by his being acquainted with all the Tricks

Tricks and Roguery of the Courts; who, becauſe I treated him with the Contempt he deſerved, railed at me wherever he went, inſomuch that I was obliged to compliment him with the following Lines.

To Counſellor C———N.

WHY *C———n* with cruel Aim?
Seek you to hurt a wounded Fame?
Or how have I provok'd your Rage,
To bring me thus upon the Stage?
'Tis true, indeed, I cou'd not love you;
But why ſhould that ſo greatly move you?
Are you not us'd to plead in vain,
And practis'd to endure Diſdain?
You tamely bear the Scorn of Men,
Why vex'd at it from Women then?
When you approach'd me in Diſguiſe,
And ſwore to fifty thouſand Lyes;
And more your ſelf to recommend,
Baſely traduc'd your abſent Friend?
When you invok'd each Pow'r, to prove
The Truth and Ardour of your Love,
I look'd thro' all the vile Deceit,
Saw *C———n*, and knew the CHEAT.

Thy Wife, with Hide of well tann'd Oak,
May ſure to rove her Spouſe provoke;
And you from Cuckoldom be ſafe,
Either from *D——cy*, or from *T——ffe*.
And Jealouſy muſt be a Jeſt,
For her whom all Mankind deteſt.
Take then ſome culinary Fair,
Nor ſeek a Star beyond your Sphere.
How cou'd you hope to meet Succeſs,
Unſkill'd in Breeding or Addreſs?
Unbleſs'd with Eloquence to move
The melting Soul to mutual Love?
Your Lodgings, Gold, and Wine three Doz'n,
I ſcorn'd, and eke to call you Couſin;
And cou'dſt thou, dull Impoſtor, think
To purchaſe me with Gold or Drink?
Yet ſtill, in Principles, 'tis known,
We judge of others by our own;
And I excuſe the ſordid Thought,
In thee, whoſe Soul is to be bought.
Thy licens'd Tongue the Law may murther;
But, prithee, mangle me no further:
For tho' my Colours are too faint,
Such glaring Crimes as thine to paint;

Yet

Yet I sometimes, in Black and White,
Can draw a Knave's Resemblance right.
Thy Envy then, and Rage give over,
Thou worthless, mean, rejected Lover!
Or in a Print, I swear to shew you,
So like, that all Mankind shall know you.

This did not happen to silence the Fellow, who now carried his Impudence so far, as to declare to all the Lawyers at the *Rose* Club, that I made Love to him; so, recollecting a Story his Nephew, who was married to my Sister, had related to me, of a vile Use to which he adapted three large Folio Volumes of his Uncle's Philosophy, I wrote the following Ballad, and pacquetted Mr. *T——ffe* with it, at a Time I knew several Lawyers would be assembled at the Tavern aforementioned; and threatened Mr. *T——ffe*, if he did not read it out for the Amusement of the Company, he should be my next Subject for Satyr; but no body so earnestly insisted on seeing the Song as *C——n* himself. To oblige him and entertain the Company,

Mr. *T*——*ffe* ſung it to the Tune of *Chevy Chace*.

YE Sons of Science mourn with me
In ſad and doleful Strains,
The Loſs which fair Philoſophy
And Literature ſuſtains.

Three Volumes of enormus Size,
O *C*——*n* had penn'd,
And lent them, for to make him wiſe,
To an ingenious Friend;

Who on the puzzling Pages por'd
Three live-long Summer Days;
But cou'd not underſtand one Word:
For ſo my Author ſays.

He, thro' the palpable obſcure,
Grop'd out his uncouth Way,
Where neither Truth, nor Reaſon pure,
Had ſhed one Friendly Ray.

In *Newton*, *Bacon*, *Locke*, and *Boyle*,
He found celeſtial Light;
Whoſe ſacred Beams o'er-paid his Toil;
But here reign'd deepeſt Night.

In

In fam'd *Laputa*'s floating Isle,
As *Gulliver* has taught,
They swallow Learning like a Pill,
Without Expence of Thought.

This Way he try'd, but all in vain,
Those Writings ne'er ascend;
They Gravitation's Laws maintain,
And to the Center tend.

Enrag'd to find all Methods fail,
These Works, he surely said,
May be adapted to the Tail,
Tho' never to the Head.

These *Sybil* Leaves, Oh Spight and Shame!
In Pieces torn he takes,
And wip'd a Part not fit to name,
And plung'd them in a Jakes.

Wake C——*n* thy noble Heart,
Explore that hoary Deep;
Nor suffer thine immortal Part
In Silence there to sleep.

Or on the Orifice all Day
Thy nether End expoſe,
By whoſe inſpiring Fumes you may
New Syſtems yet compoſe.

Henceforth be ſcorn'd great *Maro*'s Tomb,
And eke the *Delphic* Shrine;
For that fam'd Privy-Houſe, whoſe Womb
Contains thy Works divine.

I have been credibly informed that this Song made *C——n* bluſh, which was more than any thing had ever done before. However he took a Copy of it, which he promiſed to publiſh; but finding he has not been as good as his Word, I muſt even be at the Expence of doing it my ſelf.

But to return: Mr. *W——le* came to me, and told me, he had been ſo unfortunate to diſoblige a Lady of Diſtinction; for not being apprized that ſhe underſtood *French*, and being aſked in that Language, how he liked her? he ſaid, ſhe was an indifferent Picture of her Siſter: But he eaſily perceived, by an Alteration in her Countenance, that ſhe

ſhe too well underſtood him, and that he was out of Hope of obtaining her Pardon, unleſs ſomething pretty could be wrote upon the Subject by way of Apology; ſo I raiſed his Spirits in about half an Hour after, by ſending him the following Lines.

To Miſs PL——KETT.

A Thouſand diff'rent Arts I try'd,
To vary *Celia*'s Face;
And at each Alteration ſpy'd
Some new reſiſtleſs Grace.

Now chearful Mirth with gay Delight
Shines in her Eyes confeſs'd;
Now Sorrow clouds their beamy Light,
And heaves her ſnowy Breaſt.

Each diff'rent Turn of Mirth or Spleen
Still gave the Maid new Charms;
Anger alone remain'd unſeen,
Which ev'ry Nymph diſarms.

Fair

Fair one, can you forgive the Art
Which did your Wrath provoke;
Alas! far distant from my Heart
Was that rash Word I spoke.

And know, this Passion only shew'd
New Graces to my Sight,
Your Cheeks with brighter Beauties glow'd,
Your Eyes flash'd keener Light.

Like *Semele*'s my daring Aim,
Wou'd on *Jove*'s Lightning gaze,
But sunk amidst the fatal Flame,
And perish'd in the Blaze.

In the Evening Mr. *W——le* returned, and told me, the Lines had made up all Matters; that the other young Lady said, she wished he had affronted her, so he had made her such a pretty Apology. 'I must 'beg of you now, said he, to improve 'that Hint, and write me some Lines for 'her Sister.' I readily writ for him these.

To

To Miſs BETTY PL——KETT.

WHY, Fair one, ſhouldſt thou wiſh thy Friend
Thy matchleſs Sweetneſs to offend;
Alas! thy Beauty need not uſe,
This Method to engage his Muſe:
Since nought could keep her mute ſo long,
But Fear thy Lovelineſs to wrong.
When other Nymphs my Song require,
And bid me ſtrike the ſounding Lyre,
To gratify the vaineſt ſhe,
I tell her, ſhe reſembles thee.
But not a Bard ſince *Milton*'s Days,
However elegant in Praiſe,
Poſſeſs'd that Dignity of Thought,
To draw an Angel as he ought.

The Lines had the deſired Effect, and both the Ladies were reconciled to the ſuppoſed Author.

My next Taſk being a charitable one, I could by no means refuſe; which was to write the following Prologue, for the Benefit of a diſtreſſed Perſon in Jail.

A PROLOGUE, spoke at the THEATRE in *Smock-Alley*.

THIS Land for Learning, and Religion fam'd,
In antient Times the *Isle of Saints* was nam'd.
And Heav'n-born Charity, prime Grace, once more
Shall this bless'd Title to its Sons restore.
A fitter Object Pity ne'er cou'd find,
For this divinest Virtue of the Mind,
Than honest Industry, and Worth distress'd,
And suff'ring Innocence by Fraud oppress'd,
By pale-ey'd Want, and sallow Sickness pin'd,
Within a Prison's dismal Gloom confin'd,
Where everlasting Sighs and Anguish reign,
And each sad Moment seems an Age of Pain.
'Tis yours to raise him from his dreadful Care,
To soften Anguish and remove Despair;
The Great and Pious in the Task combine,
And glorious emulate the Power Divine;
Mercy her white Celestial Wings displays,
And to the Throne of Grace your Zeal conveys;

Whence

Whence thick as Dew from Heav'n shall
Joys descend,
And endless Blessings on your Race attend.

Mr. *W——e* now began to make some Figure; and tho' he kept me pretty fully employed, he drove an underhand Trade with Mr. *P——n*. And as he was not willing that either of us should believe him incapable of Writing, he used to shew Mr. *P——n*'s Work to me, and swear it was his own; and in return, he, with the same modest Assurance, presented mine to him; but we were too well acquainted with each other's Stile to be deceived. At last, Mr. *P——n*, not satisfied with all the Expence he put him to in *London*, made a Demand on him for fifty Pounds; but as Mr. *P——n* had before made the best Penny of me to him he possibly could, and *W——le* finding what I wrote passed every Jot as well his, he thought it most convenient, if he did disburse any thing, to give it to me, as thinking I most wanted it; so I was now full of Poetical Business,

by

by which my Poverty was relieved, and my Mind amuſed.

Mr. *P——n* was ſo vexed at loſing his Chap, that in Revenge he endeavoured to inſinuate that we converſed unlawfully together; but this met no Credit, as I very ſeldom ſaw him, and never alone.

In the mean time he carried on a vigorous Proſecution againſt me in the Spiritual Court, in which I gave him no oppoſition; as he ſolemnly declared he would always allow me a Maintenance to the utmoſt of his Ability; and to live with him, I by no means deſired.

For never cou'd true Reconcilement ſpring
Where Wounds of deadly Hate ſo deep were fix'd.

But no ſooner had he obtained a Separation from me, but he retracted every Word he had ſaid; not only refuſing to give me any Aſſiſtance, but alſo abuſing me, in the moſt unchriſtian, falſe, and ſcandalous manner, and publickly triumphed in having over-reached me. Upon this I was adviſed

adviſed to lodge an Appeal againſt him, which made him quite mad. He abuſed his Advocate Proctor, and the Judge himſelf, as all doing him Injuſtice; and tho' I knew none of them, inſiſted on it, they were Confederates with me againſt him.

But this outragious manner of Proceeding rather injured himſelf than me; the Delegates were appointed; and as every body whom he conſulted, aſſured him, he would be caſt, his haughty Spirit was willing to capitulate; but nobody would undertake to deliver his Meſſage to me, leaſt he ſhould ſcandalize them for it; ſo at length with great Entreaty he prevailed on *W——le* to make a Propoſal from him, to me, of giving me a ſmall Annuity, and thirty Pounds in Money, which, in regard to my Children, I rather choſe to accept of, than ruin their Father, as I certainly had it in my power to do.

W——le, who has really a good deal of Humour, came to me one Morning after my being a Week without ſeeing him, and in a Theatrical manner delivered the following Speech:

Before I ſpeak the Meſſage of the Prieſt; firſt give me leave to glory in the Title of his Ambaſſador.

I wondered what odd Whim had now taken *W———le*; and begged he would deliver himſelf like a Man of this World.

He then related the Propoſal aforementioned, on which I deſired two Days time to conſider, and then acquieſced, and withdrew the Appeal, like an eaſy Fool as I was.

Dearly have I ſince repented it, as no Articles of the Agreement were kept, altho' I thought they were as ſtrongly aſſured to me, as the Law could make them; in which there are ſo many Loop-holes, that even Perſons converſant with it may be deceived; how then ſhould a Female be ſufficiently on her Guard, againſt the Profeſſors of a kind of unintelligible Jargon, whoſe Skill is to puzzle the Cauſe, or a Science where,

Endleſs Tautologies and Doubts perplex;
Too harſh a Study for our ſofter Sex!

Of the Thirty Pounds, I never received but Fifteen, and thoſe Mr. *W——le* aſſured me he advanced out of his own Pocket, and never was paid, as I can prove under his own Hand.

But Heav'n knows, as I had every thing to provide for a Child, and myſelf, and Rent alſo to pay, this Sum laſted not long, eſpecially as I had no Friend near me.—No; nor any honeſt Perſon; for my Landlady, of whom before I had conceived a good Opinion, when ſhe found I was in Labour, inſiſted either on my paying double the Rent I had engaged for, or quitting her Houſe, which, as it was then too late for me to do, I was neceſſitated to comply with her exorbitant Demand, which made her very complaiſant.

Before I had received even this ſmall Relief I wrote to many Ladies, to whom my Father had been Phyſician, and who once ſeemed to be my Friends; but to no purpoſe; their conſtant Anſwer was, that I deſerved nothing; to which general Rule, I never met with but two Exceptions.

I wrote also to the B——p of *C*——, who after long Deliberation, picked out of his Purse half a Piece, which extraordinary Bounty, he by the Force of Imagination doubled; and also declared that I had sent to him for it, a Woman who had been whipt thro' the Town; who, as she really was a Gentlewoman of good Character, but of low Fortune, had it not been for my Persuasion to the contrary, would have sued his L——p for Defamation.

But as he was so kind to give my Son, who is his God-son, Five Shillings in small Change in *London*, which he told the Youth was a Crown Piece, who knowing there was such a Coin as a Five Shilling Piece of Gold, searched amongst the Half-pence narrowly to find it, tho' without Success, I think I must pardon him; especially, as on my threatning to expose him since I came to *Ireland*, he, to bribe me to Secrecy, sent me one Pound, a remarkable and unaccountable Charity from his Lordship, to any Person of whom he had not Carnal Knowledge.

And

And tho' in a Letter of his, he assures me he desires no public Praise for what he has done, and makes as long and learned a Disquisition between the Law of our Members and the Law of our Minds, as he once did between *Graminervous* and *Carniverous*, which, as I do not understand *Latin*, I may very possibly mispel, tho' their Signification is, I believe, Grass or Flesh devouring Animals; of the later of which, I believe his L———p would make the best Meal. The antient Priests were never permitted to burn Flesh, but as a Sacrifice to the Almighty; but it is reported, that one of them turning a Stake, when it was a little too hot, burned his Finger, on which he licked it, and found it so savory, that he devoured that part which was intended for the Gods; and as the Laity beheld him, to their Opinion, breaking the Law in eating Flesh, he assured them, that he had an immediate Revelation, that it was lawful for him to eat the prime Part of the Flesh, and leave the Garbage for the Laity. Thus we may see how early Priestcraft began; from the very first, they were Flesh-

mongers; and Priests of all Religions are the same. Those who want to look farther into the Deceits of Priesthood, may trace it up even to the *Nile*, from whence Superstition and the Crocodile first sprung, both alike destructive to Mankind.

It is known to every learned Divine, that the Priests engrossed the whole Country of *Egypt*, as the eldest Son of every Priest was born a Priest, and was therefore intitled to a tenth part of the Land; upon which *Joseph*, who was not only an admirable Man but an excellent Politician, and had a Divine Revelation that the Land should suffer Famine ten Years, ordered the Priests to pay in all their Subsidies to the King, whereby, in those ten Years of Dearth, the King purchased, at so low a Rate as giving the People a little Corn, all the Lands in *Egypt*. These are Remarks of the admirable Lord *Shaftsbury*, whose inimitable Style and clear Manner of Reasoning carry Conviction with them.

I never knew any Clergyman who quoted him but to his Prejudice, except Dr. *Turnbull*: And yet I cannot see why Morality,

or

or the Preaching of it, ſhould in any wiſe be offenſive to a Chriſtian; ſince there is a certain Beauty in Holineſs, which, tho' it were never to be hereafter rewarded, gives a ſincere Satisfaction and Quietude of Mind in this Life,——And therefore Virtue does ſtill,

With Scorn the mercenary World regard,
Where ſordid Minds do Good, and hope Reward,
Above the worthleſs Trophies Men can raiſe—
She ſeeks not Honour, Fame, or empty Praiſe,
But with herſelf, herſelf the Goddeſs pays.

All I would infer from this rambling Digreſſion is,

That Authority, tho' it errs like other,
Bears yet a kind of Medicine in itſelf,
To ſkin the Sore on the Top.

And that Subtilty and Avarice have been almoſt inſeparable from the Prieſthood ever ſince the World began.

But

But to return. Having at length passed the Pain and Peril of Child-birth, by the Care and Humanity of Dr. *Arbuckle*, I was in great Distress. It is true, Mr. *P———n* kindly advised me to leave my Child, which was a Female one, upon the Parish; and as he would willingly have done the same, or worse, to those whose Legitimacy he never questioned, I had the less Reason to blame him; but such a Piece of Inhumanity I from Soul abhorred, nor could any thing prevail on me to put it in practice.

Mr. *W———le* went to *Mallow*, where at his Request I sent to him the following Poems.

The HAPPY PAIR.

A BALLAD.

AT dewy Dawn,
As o'er the Lawn,
Young *Roger* early stray'd,
He chanc'd to meet
With *Jenny* sweet,
The blooming Country Maid;

Her

Her Cheeks ſo red
With Bluſhes ſpread,
Shew'd like the breaking Day,
Her modeſt Look
The Shepherd took;
She ſtole his Heart away.

With tender Air,
He woo'd the Fair,
And movingly addreſt;
For Love divine,
Can Clowns refine,
And warm the coldeſt Breaſt;
Her Eyes he prais'd,
And fondly gaz'd,
On her inchanting Face,
Where Innocence,
And Health diſpenſe,
Each winning roſy Grace.

Young *Jenny*'s Breaſt,
Love's Pow'r confeſs'd,
And felt an equal Fire;
Nor had ſhe Art,
To hide her Smart,
Or check the ſoft Deſire.

Hymen unites,
In blisful Rites,
The fair, the matchless two;
And Wedlock ne'er
Could boast a Pair
More lovely or more true.

Ye Rich and Great,
How seldom Fate
Gives you so mild a Doom;
Whose wand'ring Flames,
And wanton Dames,
A mutual Plague become;
While Coach and Six
Your Passion fix,
You buy your State too dearly;
Ah, courtly Folks!
You're but the Jokes
Of those who love sincerely.

MALLOW WATERS,

Written for Mr. *W*——*le*, who was chosen Poet-Laureat to the Honourable Society of Ladies and Gentlemen erected there.

NOT fam'd *Pieria*'s hallow'd Spring,
Near which the sacred Sisters sing,
Could

Could more deſerve the Poet's Lays,
His ſofteſt Song, his choiceſt Praiſe,
Than *Mallow*'s ſweet inſpiring Stream,
The Source of Health, the Muſe's Theme.
Thy Draughts, *Nepenthe* like, remove
All Sorrows, but the Pains of Love;
And on thy Banks ſuch Nymphs appear,
That none eſcape that Paſſion here.
While Art, in vain, attempts to ſhew
Their Features, and celeſtial Glow;
Thy ſmooth, expanded, liquid Glaſs,
Lively reflects each beauteous Face,
And ſhews them that tranſcendent Bloom,
Which from thy Bounty they aſſume.

If all be true which Poets dream,
There dwells a Nymph in ev'ry Stream;
Sweet *Naiad* that inhabit'ſt here,
In criſped Brook, or Fountain clear,
O teach me, in exalted Verſe,
The matchleſs Charmers to rehearſe,
And as you gently glide along,
To diſtant Fields convey my Song.

Firſt ſing our Queen, ſublimely grac'd,
With Breeding, Elegance, and Taſte;

And

And *Blaney*, with each Charm replete,
Which decks the Worthy, or the Great;
In *Dunſcomb*'s faultleſs Form and Mind,
A thouſand winning Charms we find;
And graceful *Bond*, whoſe eaſy Air
Beſpeaks the unaffected Fair.

O *Lyſaught!* ſuch a Form as thine,
In *Homer*'s deathleſs Lays ſhould ſhine;
Since he, who *Helen*'s Beauties drew,
Alone can give thy Charms their due:
From thee I turn my dazzl'd Sight,
And lo! where radiant *Plunkett* bright,
As Noon-tide Sun in Summer Skies,
Wounds with new Light my aking Eyes.

Ah *Mallow!* what avail thy Shades?
If tyrant Love their Peace invades;
Not all thy Groves and wooded Hills,
Thy cooling Streams, or healing Rills,
Can guard us from his piercing Rays,
Or give the burning Anguiſh Eaſe;
Thy Waters quench each meaner Fire,
But make this Heav'n-born Flame mount high'r.

In

In *Jepſon*'s blooming Form we meet
The Gay, the Sprightly, and the Sweet;
While *Smith*, with Virgin Beauty crown'd,
Shall with her Siſters be renown'd
Thro' Time, and leave a deathleſs Name,
Fair as their virtuous Mothers Fame.
Not *Philomel*'s melodious Throat,
Can equal *Bruſted*'s warbled Note;
Soft *Syren!* whoſe enchanting Strains,
Fetter the priſon'd Soul in Chains.
With Rapture on the Dance we gaze,
When *Purcell* ſwims th' harmonious Maze.

How many Charmers yet remain!
Well worthy the ſublimeſt Strain!
What Hearts unnumber'd ſhall be won,
By *Colthurſt*, *Harper*, *Knap*, and *Dun!*
And thou, agreeable *Codroy*,
The nobleſt Poet might'ſt employ.

What blooming Beauties ſmile around!
Thick as the Flow'rets paint the Ground,
When warmer Suns and genial Rain
Make them to deck the verdant Plain;

Thick as the Stars their Beams display,
Which join to form the Milky Way.

Ah, fair ones! Language is too faint,
The Graces ye possess to paint;
Happy, if my aspiring Strain
Your judging Ears may entertain;
The Verse, believe me, is well meant,
However short of the Intent:
Smile then on my ambitious Aim,
And give your Poet endless Fame.

A SONG.

LYING is an Occupation,
Us'd by all who mean to rise;
Politicians owe their Station,
But to well concerted Lyes.

These to Lovers give Assistance,
To insnare the Fair one's Heart;
And the Virgin's best Resistance
Yields to this commanding Art.

Study this superior Science,
Would you rise in Church or State;
Bid to Truth a bold Defiance,
'Tis the Practice of the Great.

In

In Return, he sent me the following Lines, which he assured me were his own.

VERSES to Mrs. *P——n*, on seeing a Poem inscribed to her, the Season she was at *Mallow*, in the Lines

If Sappho *lends a gracious Smile,*
Be damn'd all Critics of our Isle;
The Royal Stamp is on those Lays,
Which second Dacier *deigns to praise:*
Propitious then attend my Call,
My Muse, my Goddess, and my All.

Mr. *W——le* to Mrs. *P——n*.

THOU azure Fount, whose chrystal Stream
Was once a nobler Poet's Theme,
While, to inspire the tuneful Strain,
Sappho was call'd; nor call'd in vain.
Ah! let, the World forgive, if here
I pay the Tribute of a Tear,
In friendly Grief at *Sappho*'s Fate,
The Wonder of thy Banks so late.

So many Virtues were thy Share,
Thou moſt accompliſh'd, ruin'd Fair!
One Error, ſure, may be forgiv'n,
And Pardon find from Earth and Heav'n!
That ſov'reign Pow'r, who fram'd us all,
Suffer'd the Sons of Light to fall;
And oft, to humble human Pride,
From Virtue lets the wiſeſt ſlide.
Ye Fair, no more her Fault proclaim!
For your own Sakes, conceal her Shame:
Since, if a Nymph ſo good could fail,
We well may think your Sex are frail.

Who wrote thoſe Lines I know not; but as I am certain the Author need not bluſh to acknowledge them, I hope he will not only pardon my Vanity in making them public, but alſo ſubſcribe to my Writings.

I can only aſſure the World, I believe Mr. *W——le* never wrote a poetical Line in his Life; and therefore I am indebted to ſome humane and ingenuous Perſon, who, ſuppoſing me guilty, makes an almoſt divine Apology for me.

But as it was impoſſible for me to ſubſiſt meerly on Praiſe, I made one ſtrong Effort

to

to deliver myſelf out of Calamity, which was, to beg Mr. *P——n* to ſend me ſome Money, to bear my Expences to *London*, aſſuring him I was weary of *Ireland*; which indeed was true: for I am of the ſame Opinion with the pleaſant Lady *Dorcheſter*, that *Dublin* is a Place of the leaſt Sin, and the moſt Scandal, of any City in the World.

Perhaps the Reverſe would have better pleaſed her, as the Lord Chief Juſtice ſays to *Falſtaff*:

Ld. Ch. Juſt. *Your Waiſt, Sir* John, *is very great, and your Means very ſlender.*
Falſt. *Wou'd it were otherwiſe, my Lord; that my Means were greater, and my Waiſt ſlenderer.*

This Text wants no Comment.

But if my learned Huſband will oblige me with one, I ſhall be his very humble Servant. He has threatened to give a true and impartial Narrative of my Proceedings to the Public; and I wonder why he, who rides ſo faſt, has not got the Whip-hand

of me: I fear his Appeal comes half an Hour too late:

But, Courage my Spouſe; tho' it cannot be ſaid,
That one cloven Tongue ever ſat on your Head;
I'll hold you a Groat, and I wiſh I could ſee't,
If your Stockings were off, you could ſhew cloven Feet.

I am a ſad digreſſive Writer; by which my Readers may plainly perceive I am no Methodiſt.

Mr. *P———n* agreed to my Propoſal; and as he was fully determined never to give me any more, ſent me nine Pounds, for which, as he ſaid, he ſold my Diamond Ring to Mrs. *Dubourg*, and the Chain of my Watch, which coſt ſix Guineas, to Mrs. *W—rr—n*, for the Promiſe of forty Shillings; for which I ſuppoſe Mr. *P———n* and ſhe have ſince accounted. A good-natured Man will eaſily be ſatisfied with a Lady

Lady that will return him a Toy for a Trinket.

Nothing that ever she got vexed me so much as Mr. *P——n*'s giving her my Father's Snuff-box, which he borrowed from me, under Pretence, that taking a little Snuff preserved him from catching Sickness in Places he was obliged to go to. He declared to me he had lost it; but I afterwards saw it with her, as also several other Things belonging to me.

But he is not the first Man who has plundered his Wife to oblige his ——. As this Lady was, I may say, the principal Cause of a Separation between the Parson and me, I thought I had a Right to demand a Subscription from her; which, since my Return to *Ireland*, I did in very civil Terms. And I think myself in Duty bound to give my learned Readers a Taste of her excellent Style, in answer to me.

WHOOSOMDEVER yow aree, I aboar yow and yowr Filthy Idyous; I submit my Cows to the Devil, and fear

fear nout hiſs Enemoys, whileouſt I am undder hiſs Preteckſhon. As to the Parſon yow metown, tis wile nowne what hee iſs; he ruinged my Sun by his Ungraitfullneſſe. It is not in your Power to defamatonous my Corector in your wild Memboirs. So I am, wythh harti Prawours for yowr ſpeedi Deformation,

Yours ——

I really took great Pains to find out the Meaning of this elaborate Epiſtle; what it is, future Critics (who are better ſkilled in broken *Engliſh*) may decide. But I do aſſure the Public it is genuine; which, if they doubt, I can produce it in the Lady's own Scrawl. This Lady ſent a Captain of a Ship to me, when ſhe heard I was going for *England*, to hurry me out of the Kingdom; which Circumſtance made me ſtay in it ſix Months longer than I intended. And having not yet done with her, I cannot forbear remarking that one *L——ty*, a Painter, a rude Fellow, a few Nights after my Separation from the Parſon, took the Liberty,

Liberty, on not readily finding him in his own Houſe, of breaking open his Bed-chamber Door, to which the Maid pointed, where the Lady and Gentleman were adminiſtering Chriſtian Conſolation to each other: Ill-bred as he was, when he found how Matters were, he begged Pardon for ſpoiling Sport; 'But Parſon, (ſaid he) I 'did but follow your own Example.' So he retired without drinking (though invited) Share of the Punch, of which ſtood a large Bowl before them; but Gold can work Miracles,

Make Baſe, Noble; Old, Young; Cowards valiant;
Ha! this, ye Gods! will lug your Prieſts and Servants from your Sides!
This yellow Slave!
Will knit and break Religions; bleſs the Accurſt;
Make the hoary Leproſy ador'd!
This it is, that makes the wappen'd Widow wed again;
She, whom the Spital Houſe, and ulcerous Sores,

Would

Would cast the Gorge at, this embalms and
spices
To th' April *Days again.*

But I suppose this Widow was willing to have a Taste before Matrimony. And I am certain Mr. *P———n* could not possibly have any other Motive for liking this Woman, but merely that she was rich.

I still continued scribbling for Mr. *W—le*, to whom I sent to *Mallow*, the following Poems on several Occasions, as he demanded them.

A SONG.

Set to Musick by Mr. ARNE.

TO melancholy Thoughts a Prey,
With Love and Grief oppress;
To Peace a Stranger all the Day,
And all the Night to Rest.

For thee, disdainful Fair, I pine,
And wake the tender Sigh;
By that obdurate Heart of thine,
My balmy Blessings fly.

O look to yon celeſtial Sphere,
Where Souls in Rapture glow,
And dread to want that Mercy there,
Which you refus'd below.

A SONG.

SOME for their Forms I have deſir'd,
And others for their Wit admir'd;
Yet, Fair one, I can truly vow,
I never, never lov'd till now.
No Language can deſcribe the Pain,
Which in your Abſence I ſuſtain;
Or paint the rapturous Delight,
Which ſwells my Boſom at your Sight.
So when the golden Sun declines,
Sad *Heliotrope* her Head declines;
But quickens with his vital Ray,
And ſpreads her Beauties to the Day.

To a LADY *who defended the Author's Character.*

WHILE other Females trifle Life away,
In Dreſs and Scandal, Equipage and Play;

Stella,

Stella, with Senſe exalted and refin'd,
And each ſuperior Grace adorns her Mind;
There Friendſhip, Honour, Truth, and Virtue live,
With all the Charms that Art or Nature give.

O how ſhall Words my Tenderneſs impart!
Or ſpeak the Dictates of a grateful Heart!
To thee, fair Patroneſs! who could'ſt deſcend,
My Character thus nobly to defend.
Who would not wiſh to have ſuſtain'd a Wrong,
To have their Cauſe ſupported by thy Tongue?
So diſappointed Malice drops its Aim,
And what was meant to ſink, exalts my Fame.

The WISHES. *A Song.*

O Love! by thy almighty Pow'r,
Transform me to that new-blown Flow'r,

Which,

Which, fram'd for Sweetneſs and Delight,
Attracts my lov'd *Almeria*'s Sight.
Behold, in vernal Beauty dreſt,
It decks the lovely Virgin's Breaſt;
Whence it ſuperior Grace aſſumes,
And with unrival'd Beauty blooms.

Why am I not that gentle Air,
Which flutters, fans, and cools the Fair!
Too happy Zephyr! balmy Gale!
That Fragrance from her Breath you ſteal;
See, while your Pain you ſoftly ſigh,
And on her ſnowy Boſom die;
Thy Goddeſs, *Flora*, jealous grows,
And with divine Reſentment glows.

Why am I not that Bird, whoſe Note,
Sweet warbling in his liquid Throat,
Bids ev'ry Grove and Vale rejoice;
His tender, ſoft, melodious Voice,
Nightly with his enchanting Strain,
Does, in the Woods, my Love detain,
Till, liſt'ning, ſhe forgets to fear
The Dangers that may threaten there.

When *Phœbus* darts direct his Beams,
Almeria ſeeks the cooling Streams;

The River-God with Pride receives
Almeria to his azure Waves;
With murm'ring Joy they round her move,
And take her for the Queen of Love.
Ye Gods! were I that happy Stream!
How ſhould my fierce, my rapid Flame——

Pardon, thou bright, thou matchleſs Fair!
The bold Preſumption of my Pray'r.
Gladly would I my Being change,
Gladly from Form to Form I'd range;
Might I, in any Shape, delight
Almeria's Senſe, or pleaſe her Sight;
Or might thoſe Variations prove
The Truth of my unalter'd Love.

Theſe and fifty others, of which I have no Copy, did this Gentleman get from me, almoſt for nothing.

In the mean time, having received an unexpected Bounty from a Gentleman of very high Rank and diſtinguiſhed Honour, I wrote to him the following Lines.

To the Honourable Mr. * * * *.

ADMIRE not, if the grateful Muſe,
With fond Affection, ſtill purſues
Thee, Pride and Glory of a Race,
Whom ev'ry Muſe and Science grace!
They in thy gen'rous Boſom ſhine,
And lighten from thy Eyes divine!

Thus raptur'd, I the Strain eſſay'd,
And begg'd *Apollo*'s pow'rful Aid.

The angry God in Rage reply'd,
Go check thy Inſolence and Pride;
Not that I blame thy happy Choice,
But 'tis too lofty for thy Voice;
Who pine like thee, with Want oppreſs'd,
Forſaken, comfortleſs, diſtreſs'd:
In vain attempt ſublimer Lays,
The beauteous Work of Minds at Eaſe.

What tho' in early Hours of Life,
'Ere yet a Mother or a Wife,
I tun'd thy infant Voice to ſing,
And plac'd thee near my hallow'd Spring

My fav'rite *Swift* thy Numbers prais'd,
Cou'd mortal Worth be higher rais'd?
Yet I'll no more thy Wants supply,
Since Fortune leaves you, so will I.
Thy Laurel Chaplet now resign,
Let mournful Yew and Cypress twine
Around thy melancholy Head,
'Till thou art number'd with the Dead:
Nor dare to let thy Female Pen
Profane the first, and best of Men:
As well, when with Meridian Rays
I give the Summer Noon-tide Blaze,
Might'st thou expect to add new Light
To Beams intolerably bright,
As hope to heighten * * * * 's Fame,
Or add new Lustre to his Name.
Whate'er adorns the Wise and Good,
By him is truly understood;
Nor lives he for himself alone.
But Humankind his Bounty own.

Convinc'd, abash'd, I drop'd my Suit;
Wonder and Sorrow held me mute;
Yet tho' I wake the String no more,
Silent thy Virtues I adore.

O!

O! let thy juſt ſuperior Senſe
Forgive this laſt, this fond Offence.
Led by Deſpair, the Hand of Death
Muſt quickly ſtop this vital Breath:
His fatal Pow'r alone can part
Thy Image from my grateful Heart.

At the Gentleman's own Requeſt I omit his Name; but when I ſay he is the elder Brother of the greateſt Man in this Kingdom, he may, perhaps, be gueſſed at.

This worthy Gentleman ſoon afterwards fell ſick, on which I ſent him the following

Invocation to HEALTH.

THOU roſy Goddeſs of the Plains,
Where Innocence, thy Siſter, reigns,
If Goodneſs can deſerve thy Care,
To Godlike * * * * 's Couch repair;
Let him thy matchleſs Charms enjoy;
What Nymph to * * * * can be coy?
Nor ſhou'd thy Favours be deny'd
To him who ſpreads thy Empire wide,

When Want and all her gloomy Train,
Pining Diſeaſe and racking Pain,
On poor afflicted Mortals prey,
His Bounty drives thoſe Ills away;
Swift as the Shadows wing their Flight,
Before the purple dawning Light.
Come young-ey'd Maid, ſerenely gay,
With healing Looks and Breath of *May*;
His Virtues to our Wiſhes give,
And guard that Life by whom we live.

Mr. *W——le* had the Conſcience to write to me, to deſire I would, by the Return of the Poſt, ſend him a hundred Ballads of my own Compoſition, as he had already begun to take in Subſcriptions for them; and on the Receipt of them, he would order a Gentleman to pay me two Guineas. I ſuppoſe he thought I could write as faſt as the Poet, whom *Horace* deſcribes ſtanding on one Leg, while he wrote a thouſand Lines: And becauſe I was unable to comply with this Requeſt, he ſent me the following moſt ſtrange Epiſtle.

To Mrs. P———N.

D———N you! ſink you! G—d fire you! I have beggared myſelf between your ſcoundrel Huſband and you, all to ſupport a little dirty Vanity. When I want any thing from him, his d——ned Spirits are ſunk: Nor has he given me any think worth a Farthing, for the monſtrous Sums he has drawn out of me. I could write before I ever ſaw either of your ugly Faces, tho' not quite ſo well——and d——n me, if I ever write another Line of Verſe——You underſtand me——I ſhall be in Town, ſo as to meet the P——t. The Eyes of all *Europe* are on me, and d——n me, if you do not ſend me the Ballads, but I will deſpiſe, and defy you for ever.

Yours,

J. W.

P. S.

P. S. By G——, I cannot ſtir out, for my Landlady has beat me through the Town with a hot Shoulder of Mutton, which ſhe ſnatched from the Fire, Spit and all, only for catching me a little familiar with her Daughter.

I concluded by this Letter, that the poor Man's Head was turned, and therefore, thought it not worth anſwering, being now ſeriouſly determined to leave *Ireland*; for, though I led the Life of a Recluſe, I had every Day ſome new Story invented of me. If I went out to take a little Air, they ſaid, I had great Impudence to ſhew my Face; and if I ſtaid at Home, I was then in Keeping with ſome Man who confined me; and, in ſhort, I could pleaſe nobody: Which gave riſe to the following Lines.

EXPOSTULATION.

O God! ſince all thy Ways are juſt,
Why does thy heavy Hand
So ſore afflict the wretched Duſt,
Thou didſt to Life command?

Thou

Thou ſpeak'ſt the Word, the ſenſeleſs Clay
Was quick'ned with thy Breath,
Chearleſs to view the Beams of Day,
And ſeek the Shades of Death.

Thro' ev'ry Scene of Life diſtreſs'd,
As Daughter, Mother, Wife;
When wilt thou cloſe my Eyes in Reſt,
And take my weary Life.

To the paſt, preſent, and to come,
Are ever-more the ſame;
Thou knew'ſt of all my Woes the Sum,
'Ere I my Thoughts cou'd frame.

'Twas thou gav'ſt Paſſion to my Soul,
And Reaſon alſo gave,
Why didſt thou not make Reaſon rule,
And Paſſion be its Slave?

O pardon me, thou Pow'r Divine!
That thus I dare preſume
At thy Correction to repine,
Or murmur at my Doom.

Lord,

Lord, give me Penitence ſincere
For ev'ry Error paſt,
And tho' my Trials are ſevere,
O give me Peace at laſt.

So theſe were the laſt Strains I ſung in *Ireland*; which, ill-uſed as I was in it, I could not quit without very great Regret; and as the Coach drove by Mr. *P——n*'s Door, I thought my very Heart would ſplit with Sorrow; for there indeed was all the Treaſure of my Soul encloſed; namely, my dear little ones. Many a Sigh and Tear they coſt me; many a Prayer did I offer up to the Almighty for their Preſervation; and had he not been an infinitely more gracious Father to them, than their earthly one proved, long long ago had they been finally loſt!

My Eyes, even after I went on board the Yatch, were evermore turned to the Shore of *Ireland*, reſting there as on their laſt Period; till finding myſelf obſerved, and that ſome of the Paſſengers, Colonel *Dalway* in particular, wanted to ſee my Face,

Face, which I concealed, I pretended to be Sea-ſick, and deſired the Steward to ſhew me a Cabin.

He left me for a few Minutes; and returning, told me, all the Beds were engaged; but however, there was a Gentleman on board, who ſaid, he would ſooner ſit up, than a Lady be unprovided for. I returned my Compliments, without ever ſo much as enquiring to whom I was obliged.

The Sickneſs I feigned proved preſently true; for no ſooner was the Ship under Sail, but I grew violently Sea-ſick; when the Steward once more entered the Cabin, and told me, the Gentleman, to whom it belonged, deſired a Moment's Chat with me. I begged him to make my Apology, as indeed, what with Sickneſs and Sorrow, I was little in Temper to receive any Perſon.

However, the Gentleman reſolved not to be ſo eaſily diſmiſſed; for following the Steward into my Cabin, he told me, he knew me to be Mrs. *P———n*; that, he could not ſit up all Night; and therefore,

he

he hoped I would not refuſe him the Liberty of ſleeping in his own Bed.

I anſwered, I would not, provided he would be ſo kind as to leave me for a few Moments; on which, weak as I was, I ſprung out of Bed, and, as I had not undreſſed myſelf, ſoon met him upon Deck.

Who this ſame Gentleman was, may, in due Seaſon, be revealed: I can only aſſure my Readers, that, I believe had I accepted of the Offers he made me, Poverty would never have approached me, as he was a Man of Honour, or at leaſt appeared to me as ſuch: A Man of Fortune he certainly is; and I doubt not but he has enjoyed many a lovely Lady, without promiſing them any Reward, or offering them a Settlement for Life, as he really did me.

I dined with him at *Parkgate*; and I hope Virtue will be rewarded; for though I had but five Guineas in the World to carry me up to *London*, I yet poſſeſſed Chaſtity enough to refuſe fifty for a Night's Lodging, and that too from a handſome well-bred Man, whoſe Name if I ſhould

inſert, all the World would acknowledge I ſpoke but Truth of him.

I ſhall ſcarcely ever forget his Words to me, as they ſeemed almoſt prophetic. 'Well, Madam, (ſaid he) you do not 'know *London*; you will be undone there.' 'Why, Sir, (ſaid I) I hope you do not 'imagine I will go into any bad Courſe of 'Life?' 'No, Madam, (ſaid he) but 'I think you will ſit in your Chamber, 'and ſtarve;' which, upon my Word, I have been pretty near doing; and, but that the Almighty raiſed me one worthy Friend, good old Mr. *Cibber*, to whoſe Humanity I am, under God, indebted both for Liberty and Life, I had been quite loſt.

I dare ſay, nobody will imagine he ſerved me from any carnal Views; ſince,

If Truth in Spite of Manners muſt be told,
Why really Seventy-ſix is ſomething old.

So here I cloſe the Firſt Volume; and as it has been induſtriouſly and maliciouſly

reported, that I had in real [illegible] publiſh, I hope this will convince the World, that Mrs. *Pilkington* was never yet reduced to the Meanneſs of Falſhood or Tricking. And if this Volume meets with a favourable Reception, I can aſſure my Readers, the next will be infinitely more entertaining, and is now ready for the Preſs.

End of the FIRST VOLUME.

Burke.

Error in assigning volume nos.

6547a.5 v.3 is actually v.1 (see last page)

6549a.5 v.1 is actually v.3 (see bottom of p.1, following p. xxiii)

Take leave of book